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PHANTOMS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARGUERITE HARP.

Beside the rolling river, beneath the trysting tree,
I burned my darling's letters, and said that I was free.
To silent months of absence I stern remembrance gave,
And e'en her pictured features I buried in the wave.
I lingered but a moment to view the moonlit sky,
And in the far, far distance I thought I heard a sigh.

I left my home for strangers, I sought the distant sea,
And yet on land or water my darling was with me;
With white hands meekly folded, and moving as in sleep,
Her visionary figure was ever on the deep,
She met me in the morning, she walked with me at noon,
She beckoned me at midnight beneath the placid moon.

Amid the summer brightness her words sprung up in light;
They sparkled in the dewdrops that gemmed the lilies white,
They flushed in vivid roses along the rocky glen,
They starred the velvet meadows among the homes of men;
The leaf, the bud, the blossom, had each a tale to tell,
I heard her in the valley and on the hills as well.

In Christian lands or heathen a weary life I led,
With ever close beside me my darling's noiseless tread;
And though I burned her letters and e'en their ashes hurled
Into the rolling river, they followed round the world.
They foamed across the ocean, they rippled in the rill,
And on the lake or river, her words were with me still.

I left the land of strangers; I crossed again the sea,
And lured by voice and vision, I sought the trysting tree;
I knelt in speechless anguish before a moonlit cross,
And read from polished marble the story of my loss.
My tears fell fast above her who slept beneath the sod,
For when I burned her letters my darling was with God.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

There is a state of being in which we feel a kind of sensation of existence, but without the consciousness of memory or perception—a kind of living death, in which a strange impression is made upon the mind, like that of a forgotten dream. Through this phase of existence, on my slow return to reason, I passed, after the blow that left me senseless amid the crash and roar of that terrific tempest.

Next came a stronger sensation—a sensation nearer consciousness; and it would seem to me that I was an entity, floating over a dark ocean, enveloped in darkness. A thick mist, like a black, heavy cloud, would seem to surround me, and cut off the view in every direction; but occasionally, as I floated along, I would draw near to the light and the verge of the cloud; and then I would begin to discern something like a beautiful shore, with shadowy figures flitting to and fro. This would last till some one of these shadowy figures would take on a more distinct and material form, and seem to glide up to me with words of kindness; and one, in particular, would have a very lovely face, and sweet voice, that would fill my being with ecstacy; but always at the moment when I would begin to feel this thrill of happiness, something dark and terrible would intervene between me and the object of my delight; and again I would be buried in the cloud, over the ocean, drifting onward as before.

At last I opened my eyes to a knowledge of existence—but without memory of my past life, and only an impression that I had lived before. I looked around me in wonder, and everything appeared new, and strange, and beautiful. I was lying upon a bed, surrounded by hangings of purple and gold; and through the partings of these I beheld an airy lattice, and through the lattice a grove of trees of the brightest and deepest green, with a fountain sending up its silvery waters and falling with a soothing tinkle into a marble basin, whose margin was adorned by flowers of every shape and hue. A soft breeze, sweetly scented, stole gently through the lattice, and waved the hangings of purple and gold, and fell with delicious coolness upon my fevered brow.

"Where am I? and what am I?" was my first intelligent speculation.

But I had no power to solve the problem. I tried to rise—but my head seemed a fixture, and my arms, when I lifted them, fell heavily back. And there I lay, wondering, and trying to recall something which seemed to glide away from the mind, till at length my vision gradually grew dim, the bright and beautiful faded away, and a period of dark unconsciousness succeeded.

When next I opened my eyes, I found myself still lying upon the same bed; but the curtains were all closed around me, and the light was very dim, like that from a distant lamp. Memory for the first time came back with this awakening, and my first recollection was of the crashing, shrieking, and roaring of that terrible tornado, and the words of my friend:

"We are done with time! we will meet in eternity! and may God be merciful!"

Had I passed to eternity? was I already in the realm beyond death? I had read the revelations of Swedenborg, and now remembered that he had described the world beyond as being so like to earth in appearance, that sometimes departed spirits knew not for a season that they had really passed the gates of death and were standing within the confines of immortality. Could it be possible I was one of these? But if so, why be lying upon a bed? and where were my fellow beings? those who had gone with me, or before me? And yet, if still living upon the earth, where was I? and by whom surrounded? and how came I thus placed? and why had I not power to rise?

While I thought and pondered, there arose a sweet strain of music, that seemed to float upward from afar. At first it was low and faint, but gradually swelled out into something grand and glorious; and then seeming to roll along in the ether above, it as gradually died away, leaving my mind impressed with a deep and holy solemnity. Again and again it arose, swelled out, and died away; and with its last sinking cadence I passed sweetly into the land of dreams, and fancied myself surrounded by a choir of angels, who were playing upon golden harps and singing of eternal glory.

The next time I awoke, I beheld the same scene as at first—the parted curtains, the lattice, the trees, the fountain, and the flowers; and in harmony with all around me, the soft air resounded with the sweet music of many birds, one of which I could see swinging in the ring of his golden-wired cage outside of the trellis. Were these scenes ever to recur to me, with a mystery I could not solve? Was there no one about me, either mortal or immortal, that could give me an explanation? For the first time I thought to try my voice, and I repeated my former questions aloud:

"Where am I? and what am I?"

As I spoke, I heard a slight rustling near me; and the next moment a beautiful hand drew gently back the curtains, and revealed to my astonished gaze the same lovely being I had seen in my visions, when floating over the sea through the cloud to the shore.

I gazed upon her in rapture; but I feared to speak again, lest she should again vanish, as she had so often vanished before. Was she of earth or of Heaven? I could not tell. Robed in spotless white—her lovely features looking transparent—her soft, dark eyes fixed sweetly upon mine, with an expression of earnest sympathy—the light so falling upon her luxuriant hair and face that she seemed surrounded by a halo—it was impossible for me at the moment to decide whether she were mortal or spirit.

"Did you speak, sir?" she inquired in a voice of silvery sweetness.

"Am I asleep or awake? alive or dead? on earth or in Heaven? a mortal or a spirit?" said I, wonderingly, keeping my eyes riveted upon hers.

"Oh, this will be joyful news to his friends, poor fellow!" she returned, clasping her hands, and speaking rather to herself than me; "I do believe he has his reason at last."

With these words she turned quickly away and disappeared, leaving me as much mystified as ever. But I was not long kept in suspense now. In less than a minute I heard quick steps approaching me, the rich curtains were thrown back, and Forbes and another, whom I recognized as a brother officer and messmate—to whom, during the voyage, I had become much attached—stood revealed to my wondering gaze.

"Edmund, do you know us?" inquired Forbes, his voice fairly trembling, as he looked earnestly into my face.

"Much better than I know where I am, or how I came here," I replied, with a faint smile. "Tell me, friends, what does all this mean? I am mystified; and for a long time I have been trying to satisfy myself whether I am still an inhabitant of earth or not."

"You have been very ill, Ned," said Forbes, his eyes filling with tears; "very ill indeed; and for days have we despaired of keeping you among us. Thank God! you are still alive, and have your reason once more! But do not talk, my dear fellow—at least not till we have consulted your physician on the matter—for I should never forgive myself if you were to get a relapse through my imprudence."

"But tell me where I am, and how I came here?—surely that can do me no harm!" rejoined I, eagerly.

"I do not like you to talk just now—indeed I do not, Ned!" answered Forbes, with a troubled look.

"Maitland," said I, addressing the other, "I appeal to you. In the name of humanity, do not leave me in this torturing suspense! I remember something of that terrible tornado—I pray you tell me the rest."

The person I appealed to was a light and slender youth of twenty, whom I had for the first time met as a brother officer and messmate on our outward-bound voyage. From the very first there had sprung up an attachment between us, which I can only philosophically account for on the principle of magnetic attraction—that invisible something which draws together two souls and cements them in harmony. He had a smooth, boyish, almost beardless face—but the features were not effeminate, and were often brilliant with flashes of genius. His complexion was light, with light, curly hair, and cheeks of an almost rosy hue. He had a clear blue eye, which to me looked fascinating even in repose; but when animated with either the genius, passion, or enthusiasm of his nature, it thrilled, charmed, and electrified my whole being, till I felt my spirit go out as it were to meet and commingle with his. He was of a warm, generous, open, and impulsive temperament—a South Carolinian by birth—a youth of education and refined manners—of rich and influential connections—and the heir to a large estate, which, his parents being dead, was now held in trust for him by an uncle. A romantic yearning for something he did not possess and could not describe—a void within which nothing his eyes had ever gazed upon could fill—combined with a natural desire for travel and adventure—had induced him to offer his services to Mina. Such was Curry Maitland—as true a friend, and as noble a foe, as ever stood face to face with his fellow man.

"My dear Ned," he said, in reply to my appeal, at the same time bending over and fixing his clear blue eyes upon me, with an expression of tender sympathy that touched my very heart, "do not, I beg of you, be rash! You are surrounded by those who love you as a brother, and to whom nothing would give more pleasure than to gratify your every wish, provided it could be done without injury to yourself; but for days you have been at the point of death, wildly delirious; and as this is your first return to reason, we fear that any exertion on your part, either physical or mental, may destroy our present hope."

"Delirious for days!" repeated I: "yes, I can well believe that. Well, my dear friend, God bless you! I will do whatever you advise."

"Ah! I knew you would, my dear fellow!" he returned, with a smile upon his handsome face, and a tear glistening in his clear blue eye.

"But one question, Curry—only one—permit me that!"

"Well?"

"What beautiful being did I see beside me but now? and have so often seen amid the chaotic presentations of a fevered brain? Was she a mortal or a spirit?"

Maitland smiled, colored, and drew back, saying:

"Corina, pray speak for yourself."

"Oh, I am a fairy!" said the object of my inquiry, with a sweet, musical laugh, as she roguishly presented her lovely face over the shoulder of Maitland.

"A thousand pardons!" returned I; "I did not know you were present."

"A thousand thanks, then, for the compliment!" she laughed; "which is so much the better for being meant. And have I really been with you in your dreams?"

"You have indeed!" said I, earnestly.

"Ah! how very romantic!" she returned, with something between a laugh and a sigh, as she cast an arch and furtive glance toward Maitland.

"Come, come, Corina!" he chided; "this must not be! I fear we may undo all the good that has been done."

"Ah! I see how it is!" she replied, with a playful pout of her pretty lips; "you wish to monopolize the privilege of paying all the charming compliments yourself! But never fear, Mr. Laurens!" she added, turning to me, with a most fascinating smile, and a bright glance of her soft, dark eye; "you shall have a hearing as well as your friend, whenever you get well enough to endure the mental fatigue of saying pretty nothings in poetical prose."

Then turning quickly away, she struck up, in the sweetest tones imaginable:

"Oh, I am a fairy! and o'er the bright green,
When the flowers drink dew, and the stars are seen,
I float with the zephyr, and all the night long
I sing to my love, or I list to his song."

The music and the words died away in the distance, and so I knew the sweet songstress had departed.

"Come, Ned," said Forbes, "not another word now, but try and compose yourself to sleep."

"But one question more, Jack—for I am so mystified with all I see and hear, that, unless my curiosity is satisfied, I am certain I shall be kept awake with wonder."

"Ah! my dear fellow," said Maitland, "pray do consider the consequences! for the sake of your friends, if not for yourself!"

"If I thought it would injure me, Curry, I would not speak another word," said I; "but I know it will not. You think this is my first return to reason—but it is not. I looked upon this scene yesterday; and I awoke last night, when the lamp was burning, and the curtains were drawn; and while I wondered, a glorious strain of music floated over me, and I fell asleep to dream of angels. Now, pray, do tell me where I am? how I came here? and what has happened? Speak! I will listen."

"Perhaps it will be best to tell him in brief," said Forbes to the other.

"Listen then, Laurens," said Maitland; "but not another word, as you hope for life, or value our friendship! When day dawned upon us, after that awful night of tempest, our noble vessel was little better than a wreck, with not a mast standing, and leaking badly. We had dragged our anchors, and only been saved from destruction by running into the frigate you saw near us, and holding on to her moorings. You were found senseless in the cabin, with a frightful wound on one side of your head, evidently made by striking violently against a large seachest. We had you conveyed to the shore, with scarcely a hope that you would return to life. As we landed from the ship, we were met by a great crowd of people, who had been drawn together from curiosity and a desire to render us essential service. Conspicuous among the parties present were the President of Hayti, General Petion, and his staff; and with a kindness that does credit to the heart of his Excellency, he bade us be of good cheer; and said that any assistance he could render us—either personally to ourselves, or so as to enable us to repair our vessel—would afford him pleasure. On seeing you, as we were in the act of lifting you from the boat, he made kindly inquiries as to the nature of your wounds, and the probabilities of your recovery, and advised us to take you at once to the Military Hospital, and have the best of surgical aid. This we should have done, as the best thing under the circumstances, had I not fortunately at the moment met my father's old friend, Mr. Prescott, of whom you heard me speak during the voyage, and who insisted upon having you conveyed to his Villa. On a litter you were accordingly brought hither, attended by our noble host, the surgeon, and some half-a-dozen of your companions, none of whom have taken up their quarters here except Forbes and myself. Consider that this happened ten days ago, that for more than a week the doctor would give us no hope, and that you have all the time received the best care which devoted friends could bestow, and you have the whole story. Now not a word more, remember! I know what you would say—you are very grateful and all that—but go to sleep now, and get well, and then thank us as much as you like."

With this both Forbes and Maitland withdrew; and ten minutes later, even while pondering the facts I had heard, I was again in the mystic realm of dreams.

CHAPTER V.

CORINA VILLIERS.

How wearily pass the hours which mark the return from sickness to health—from weakness to strength—from the verge of death to the centre of life!—and how we envy the bright looks, the high spirits, and the elastic steps of those around us! while, pale and thin, languid and faint, we recline upon our couch, or sit in the pillowed chair, and listen to their words, and watch them come and go, and wonder if the same good fortune will ever again be ours! How we try, like little children, first to sit alone, then stand alone, and then walk alone! and how heartily do we rejoice at each success, as a promise of the steadily approaching time when we shall once more be permitted to enter upon the great world without, and stand once more, in the pride of strength, among the beauties of nature, which now seem a thousand times more beautiful than ere we knew what it was to be without them! How we recall our repinings at some trifling misfortune, and reflect upon the sin of our complainings when we had all that would now make us happy! and how sincerely we resolve that, if ever we again attain to the great blessing of health, we will repine no more at minor troubles and perplexities, but daily and hourly thank the great Giver of all good for that which, if we did not absolutely despise, we never properly appreciated before!

I recovered slowly: it could not be otherwise. I had been down to the dark realm where Death is the master; and for a long time my life had flickered like a candle in its socket, waiting only for a breath to extinguish it forever. I had seen the phantoms of the shadowy realm, which the spirit seldom sees till it is on the very point of its eternal departure from the crumbling clay. A raging and consuming fever, of body and brain—with loss of blood, loss of rest, and loss of food—had prostrated me to the weakness of an infant; and time and care could only bring me slowly back to my natural state.

Days thus passed—weary days—days of sighing and longing for that happy time when I should once more be abroad in the soft, clear air and bright sunshine of the glorious world without!

And yet, weary as were those days, I had no reason to complain of them—for some kind friend was ever by my side, with cheering and consoling words. My kind host and hostess, with that true feeling which ennobles humanity, did all in their power to make the time pass pleasantly. Every wish was anticipated. Many of my companions came to visit me. Forbes spent hours with me, and so did Maitland. And last, though not least, the lovely and bewitching Corina came and went like a fairy—now talking gayly, now laughing merrily, now reading sweetly, and now singing melodiously, while her delicate fingers swept with delicate touches the strings of the soft-toned lute.

Corina Villiers—the bright, the gifted, the beautiful, the merry, the fascinating Corina Villiers!—how shall I describe her?—how portray, by mere cold, stilted words, an idea of a being who was all life, and soul, and feeling? a living embodiment as it were of poetry in all its many forms? I cannot do it—words cannot do it: the true idea could only be conveyed to the mind by her living and acting self—through the senses of seeing and hearing—through the magnetic witchery of her own vital presence! Sweet, lovely, etherial, accomplished, versatile Corina Villiers! As I beheld her in all her glorious charms, in the full bloom of youth, at the attractive age when girlhood was verging upon womanhood, I have no power to do her justice! I can compare her to nothing but her incomparable self!

She was a native of Hayti, the daughter of a French colonel, who was killed, when she was a mere infant, during that terrible revolutionary struggle which convulsed the fair island and turned it into a reeking battle-field. With her widowed mother and two older sisters she had escaped to the United States, where she had resided for several years—till in fact that mother and one sister had found a grave, and that other sister a life-companion, in the land of their asylum. The husband of her sister, William Prescott, the noble host of whom I have spoken, was a merchant of Charleston at the time of his marriage; but subsequently, under the comparatively peaceful Government of President Petion, he had removed to Port-au-Prince, taking his wife, and sister-in-law, and household servants with him. Here he had been prospered; and, at the time of which I write, was reputed one of the richest foreigners in the Republic. His villa, to which I had been borne in an unconscious state, and to whose charms I awoke, believing it to be Paradise, was situated upon one of the beautiful hills which overlook the town, and contained within its ample grounds all the refinements of art, and all the natural beauties of that most glorious and luxurious clime.

Never shall I forget the ecstatic delight I experienced, the thrill of elysian joy that filled my very soul, when I first walked forth and stood amid the enchanting scene which surrounded the dwelling, and of which I had previously had some glimpses through the trellis of my chamber! Nature, as nature is never seen in the colder clime of the north, was around me in a profusion of beauty, to which neither pen nor pencil can do justice. Labyrinthine walks, carpeted with emerald green, and margined by gorgeous flowers, led through cool, delicious, vine-draped bowers, with the bright leaves of the orange, the citron, the olive, the fig, and the palm commingling and fluttering above me in the soft breeze. In the centre of this Eden played a silver fountain, whose clear waters came down from the higher lands to the eastward; marble statues were peeping out from their leafy screens; sylvan songsters were pouring forth their most melodious notes; the vault of heaven above was a clear cerulean; the soft zephyr that fanned my brow was sweetly scented; and by my side was the lovely Corina Villiers.

"Can Heaven itself be more beautiful?" I exclaimed, with a thrill of rapture.

"Behold what the God of Nature has done for this lovely clime," sighed my fair companion, "and then reflect upon the devastation of man! Go where you will, over this beautiful island, and you will behold the same profusion of beauty in nature, but in all else a desolate sepulchre. You will see trees and vines and flowers running riot over the well-tilled lands of other days. You will see the black and crumbling walls of once beautiful and flourishing hamlets, standing alone, and half-buried beneath rank, wild vegetation. And could the dead arise from their bloody graves, and give forth their wrongs, you would see them in glen and on hillside, in wood and wold, on water and land, at home and abroad, in sanctuary and in dungeons, in city and country; and you would hear such tales of cruelty, and suffering, and monstrosity, as would send your blood curdling to your heart! Accursed be the names of Toussaint L'Ouverture, Dessalines, and Christophe! who, with many others I could name, are doomed to immortal infamy!

"But, come! why should I talk of such things to you at such a time as this!" added Corina, with a rapid change of countenance.

"Here, Mr. Laurens, sit here—you must not venture too much at once."

"I will do anything you bid me," returned I, with a smile—and, if truth must be told, with some feelings that were not akin to despair for the loss of one who had proved treacherous to my first love.

"Will you have a bouquet?" she inquired, with one of her most bewitching smiles.

"If Mademoiselle Villiers will do me the honor to present it, it shall be a life-long keepsake."

"And an heirloom to the third generation?" she rejoined, with a merry laugh. "Eh! do you promise me that?"

"Nay, fair lady, let me only promise what I intend to perform."

"Then say you will keep it all night, and throw it away for a fresher one to-morrow."

"Nay, Corina. Yet stay! I beg your pardon, if my address seems too familiar! but as every one around me calls you Corina, it is very difficult to be more formal."

"Go on! go on!" she laughed; "it little matters what I am called, so the meaning is not ambiguous."

"I was about to say, then, that I will bear your flowery gift to a foreign clime, and guard it with my life as a priceless prize."

"Now will you, though?" she cried, clapping her hands. "Oh, how very romantic!"

"And whenever I look upon it," I added, gallantly, "withered though it be, I will remember the blooming beauty and the kindness of the giver."

"You shall have it," she returned, with a laugh, as she bounded away to collect the bright flowers, leaving me to look after her sylph-like, airy form, and think her the brightest flower of all around me.

In about ten minutes she returned, and, presenting me a beautiful nosegay, said:

"Here, Mr. Laurens, for all my trouble, I pray you return me thanks in one of your pretty and elegant speeches—such an one, for instance, as you wasted upon your beautiful belle of the North!"

"Nay," said I, feeling my cheeks tingle with the hot, mounting blood, at this her first allusion to my unfortunate *affaire de cœur*, the story of which I conjectured she had obtained from Forbes: "Nay, if it is destined to be with the same success, *ma belle*, I beg to hold my eloquence in reserve for a more susceptible heart!"

"To be certain of success, one must always risk failure!" she laughed.

"But to be uncertain of failure, one need risk nothing!" returned I, in the same jesting vein; "and I am one who would live in the bliss of ignorance, when I too much fear it would be folly to be wise."

"And are my pretty flowers not worth a pretty speech?" she rejoined, with a pretty pout of her pretty lips.

"Faith, they are, Corina, and you shall have it!" I replied; "that is to say, if I do not break down; in which case I beg you will attribute it, not to any lack of genius, but to the late contact my poor head had with a sea-chest."

"Ah, now for it!" cried the gay girl, clapping her hands, and thrilling me with a most bewitching look from her dark, soul-lit eyes.

"Well, then," said I, holding up the bouquet, "bright as are these flowers, they are dim beside the giver——"

"Oh, that is downright nonsense!" she interrupted. "Surely, I am no sun, to be so very bright—nor am I a gloomy shadow, to make the flowers look dim! Try again, and say something sensible!"

"I fear it is vain for me to try, fair damsel! You see the sharp corner of a certain sea-chest, being brought into a too close proximity with my cerebrum, at once knocked all my comparisons, similes, and metaphors into just what you are pleased to term nonsense; and therefore all the poetry of my nature must henceforth make its appearance in very prosaic prose!"

"I fear you accuse the sea-chest of doing too much!" she returned, with a furtive and mischievious glance.

"What do you mean?—that the damage was less than I report?"

"That there never was so much there to damage!" she replied, tapping her forehead, and laughing merrily. "Heigh-ho-and-a-well-a-day! as you Americans sigh—I see you cannot hold out according to promise. When you first came to life, and talked so prettily about my being a beautiful spirit, floating through your realm of dreams, I fancied you would soon be able to cast poor Curry Maitland in the shade; but, up to the present, I assure you he stands most brightly in the foreground."

"Because he has the inspiration of being in the foreground of your esteem!" said I.

"Nay, good sir, why not be consistent with your former excuse, and say because he never had the misfortune to bring his poetical cerebrum in too close proximity to the sharp corner of a certain sea-chest!" she cried, with a peal of laughter that went echoing through the scented bowers of our elysian retreat.

"Come! come!" said I, not being just then in the proper humor to take the merry side of her raillery; "forbear, bright fairy of the green! I cry your mercy!"

"Then do me the justice to give me the pretty speech you promised in return for my beautiful bouquet!"

"Do the penance, you should rather say!"

"Nay, if you think it a penance, give me back the flowers!" she pouted.

"No! no! anything rather than part with these! You will have me try again, then?"

"Oh, yes, try again! and keep your poetry from nonsense, and your prose from the sea-chest."

"Permit me then to look steadily at your own bonnie self, who are wisdom and poetry combined!" returned I.

"Well, yes!" she replied, feigning to muse, throwing her head a little one side, and glancing archly at me; "that is better—that will do for a beginning! Only improve as you go on, and end with a climax worthy of the subject, and you shall stand acquitted of failure, and, in diplomatic phrase, have the assurance of my distinguished consideration."

"And nothing more?"

"Why, what more would you have? is not that the ultimate of your ambition?"

"Perhaps not," laughed I, "for I have a 'vaulting ambition,'"

"Which 'may overleap itself!'" she added, in the same merry vein. "But go on! and if you do well exceedingly, you shall have my distinguished applause, and one of my sweetest songs."

"And for such reward, I will give you such words as your lovely presence, and sweet present, and my glorious hopes may inspire!" returned I. "There! do not laugh!" I added, with mock solemnity; "and do not speak! Hist! the sacred Nine are drawing nigh! One minute! There! I have it! Listen!"

And holding out the bouquet, I caught the inspiration of the moment, and began and ended much more to my satisfaction than it will probably be to the reader's.

"Most glorious flowers, by Heaven given!
Terrestrial posey of Heaven!
What sweeter gift from fairy hand,
Than brightest these of fairy land!
Though these may fade, can I forget
The elf who gave? her locks of jet?
Her sparkling eye and witching smile?
Her merry laugh, so free from guile?
Her airy form and lovely face?
Her soul of every kindly grace?
A human sprite! a spirit flower!
Born here to grace celestial bower!
Terrestrial and celestial prize!
Born of our earth for Paradise!"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Corina, clapping her hands. "Upon my life, that *is* poetry indeed! Now I will sing you any number of songs, and bring you a fresh bouquet every day you remain with us, if you will furnish me a written copy! Really, I had no idea you were *such* a poet!"

"Ah, Corina, who could answer for results, with *such* inspiration beside and around him!"

"You shall write me a song!"

"Nay, let me repose on my laurels."

Thus we chatted on for some half an hour longer, gradually passing from one thing to another, till at last I reminded my fair companion that she had promised me a view of the town and harbor of Port-au-Prince, whenever I should be strong enough to walk the distance of a hundred rods.

"Do you think it safe to make the trial now?" she inquired.

"I am certain I could bear the fatigue without injury."

"Then come with me, and I will show you all I promised," she replied.

We passed slowly around to the other side of the dwelling, and continued down a beautiful avenue, till we came to a vine-covered arbor, with seats along the trellis work on two sides.

And here it was a most delightful scene burst suddenly upon my view. (TO BE CONTINUED)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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PAPER COLLARS.

It would appear that while some paper collars are really poisonous, others are not. Dr. Hayes, of Boston, has analyzed the enamelling of three samples sent to him, with the following results:—

"Samples No. 1 is free from any compound of lead or other metal, except of oxide of iron, which adhered to the sulphate of baryta used.

"Sample No. 2 is also free from traces of lead, and contains but very slight traces of iron. Samples No. 1 and No. 2 are free from any injurious mixture.

"Sample No. 3 is an enamelled collar containing a large proportion of the carbonate of lead, and would be very dangerous as a part of wearing apparel, or, indeed, in any connection."

Hereafter, the manufacturers of paper collars will be under the necessity of attaching to their wares, the certificates of eminent chemists as to the innocent character of their enamelling materials. For you might as well put on the shirt of Nessus at once, as a collar finished with carbonate of lead, or some preparation of arsenic. By-the-way, had the shirt of Nessus any collar attached to it? This would be an interesting question for discussion by the Collegiate debating societies.

THE WHITE SLAVE;

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

We hope our readers will not forget to call the attention of their neighbors and friends to this interesting new story of Mr. Bennett's, as well as to the numerous other attractions of THE POST. In the description of Mina's famous expedition, and in the other historical references of the story, the reader may place implicit reliance—as Mr. Bennett has taken great pains fully to acquaint himself with the best authorities upon the subject. Mr. Bennett, we have reason to say, is a very careful and conscientious writer; and never grudges the giving of many weeks, and even months, if necessary, in order that his stories may be both historically and locally accurate.

The beginning of this story in the first paper for July, is a very good time to commence either a half-year's or whole year's subscription to THE POST.

STOCK GAMBLING.

Our English friends—who are practical, if anything—have devised a good plan to limit gambling in the stocks of banks, railroads, &c. The Liverpool Exchange has prohibited the sale of shares, unless the numbers of such shares are inscribed upon the contracts—that is, you must specify the identical shares you sell, and thus make it a real sale, and not a fictitious gambling operation. If this were done in our large cities, it would tend greatly to circumscribe gambling—and therefore probably will not be done at all. It is curious why it should be considered disreputable to gamble in cards and lottery tickets, and yet highly reputable to gamble in stocks; but it will not do, we suppose, to consider the many inconsistencies of this very remarkable world too curiously.

ANOTHER OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Mr. J. W. Harris, of Rocheport, Boone Co., Missouri, says:—

"I see that some of your old friends have reminded you of the length of time they have been taking your paper. I have had the pleasure of taking and reading it myself for about thirty-three years."

☞ BIRD STUFFING.—A correspondent inquires the name of the best work on this subject. We are told that "Brown's Taxidermist's Manual" is one of the best. Price $1.50.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.—This excellent Agricultural Journal has been resuscitated. We wish it all success. It is published by Worthington & Lewis, Baltimore, Md.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA, AND REGISTER OF IMPORTANT EVENTS FOR THE YEAR 1865. Embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs; Public Documents; Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. Volume 5. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway, New York. For sale by J. K Simon, Philadelphia, Agent, 33 south Sixth St This large volume of over 800 pages, whose valuable contents are denoted in the above title, is embellished by three fine steel engravings, of Lincoln, Farragut, and Andrew Johnson.

SERMONS, by EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBOURN, D. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and one of her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary. Two volumes in one. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JOHNSON, Seventeenth President of the United States. Written from a National Stand-Point, by a National Man. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

MISS FORRESTER. A Novel. By MRS. EDWARDS, author of "Archie Lovell," "The Ordeal for Wives," &c. Published by The American News Company, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC.—MAKING UP SCHOTTISCH. By C. L. WARD. Published by D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.

"WHAT is the 'Poet's License,' say?"
Asked rose-lipped Anna of a poet;
"Now, give me an example, pray;
That when I see it I may know it."
Quick as a flash he plants a kiss
Where perfect kisses always fall;
"Nay, sir! what liberty is this?"
"The Poet's *License*—that is all!"
—*Home Journal.*

☞ A. Weidman, of Pittsburg, Pa., owner of a newspaper, was slandered in his own columns by his own editor, for which he horsewhipped him. He had no other redress, as he could not sue himself as owner.

☞ The feather that adorns the royal bird supports in flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

☞ A Western paper, in describing the *debut* of a young orator, says that "he broke the ice felicitously with his opening sentence, and was almost immediately drowned with applause."

☞ Two Irishmen were travelling to Portland, Me., when they stopped to examine a guide board. "Twelve miles to Portland," exclaimed one. "Six miles apace, jist," said the other. And they trudged on, apparently well gratified at their sudden proximity to the forest city.

☞ As one single drop of black ink will tinge and pollute a vessel of crystal water, so one little act of faithlessness may irredeemably poison a whole lifetime of the purest friendship and confidence.

☞ Where's the propriety of calling the blacks "colored people," when all the philosophers tell us that blackness indicates the absence of color?

☞ Mr. Dean Richmond obeyed the law against free passes, and sold a train to the Editors' Convention last week for one dollar.

☞ EFFECTIVE WRITING.—An able writer is a great power in a country. A marble tablet, in the school-room of the Field-lane Refuge, records the acknowledgments of the society for the graphic articles in the London Times, "The Houseless Poor," written by Mr. Nicholas A. Woods, (one of the Times' staff,) which brought contributions of £12,000 to the funds of the institution.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

Pacific Ocean, June 14, 1866.

DEAR POST:—It is something of an effort to write from a climate like this, under a burning tropical sun, and scarcely a breath of air stirring. But "necessity has no law," and I write because I must do something to pass the long, hot hours. The mercury is standing at ninety-two degrees in the shade, and the heavy eyes, languid steps, and flushed cheeks of the passengers, betray the oppression that one always feels in sultry weather. We have now been out fourteen days, and in this time, experienced more pleasure and fewer ills, probably, than the majority of travellers across the waters can boast. While upon the Atlantic, no signs of a storm rose to disturb even the most timid. Leaving New York on the 1st, our start was highly promising and pleasant, notwithstanding the sadness of parting with friends. The pilot-boat which preceded us out, had on board a number of ladies and gentlemen, and a fine band, which regaled us with the sweetest and most cheering of our dear home airs, until our progress was sufficient to warrant its return, then amid flutterings of white kerchiefs, sweet music and falling tears, it left us to our fate upon the broad deep, and we could realize that we were indeed fairly started upon a long and tedious journey.

The first three days were uneventful and dull, with the usual accompaniment of sea sickness, sad and laughable in its effects. To sit down in the long dining saloon in the evening and quietly look on at the scenes transpiring within, one could not help being amused with the predominating ludicrous pictures. Here and there were whist, cribbage and euchre parties, who were intent upon their games, when suddenly a side would lose a partner, and most doleful sounds might be heard from the guards outside to which the missing party had flitted in a speedy and almost mysterious manner. Presently a pale, subdued face would reappear, and the owner manfully fighting with the playful fancy of old Neptune, would finish the game with a species of heroism which never failed to win my admiration.

On the fifth day out, we heard the glad cry of "land," and had the inexpressible delight of beholding green trees once more. That was a lovely day. The ocean was of the deepest blue, the sky clear, and snowy white clouds floating lazily on the pleasant air. The long line of dazzling beach, with its background of subdued green, over which purple mists seemed to hover softly, set the hearts of Nature's lovers in a flutter of delight. While we were on deck enjoying this treat, the steamer *New York* from Aspinwall passed us, and there was an addition to the pleasant sensation, in the flutter of kerchiefs, and the cheering shouts of the crews in passing.

We had on the day following, a sight of Cuba, and greatly enjoyed it; but a greater delight was experienced by all when we entered Navy Bay, said to resemble the Bay of Naples, and made fast at Aspinwall. Here the strange and novel scenes made us forget the heat, and devour the surrounding objects with eager interest. The cars being close to the wharf, we gave our small luggage into the hands of a colored boy and started off on a "shopping tour." Hackmen were nowhere visible, but "porters" were abundant. You could not step for them. But of all funny things on earth, the men they call "soldiers" were the funniest to bear the name. Little, yellow, puny looking creatures, not larger or more formidable in appearance than a bevy of boys of twelve or thirteen years old, armed with popguns! In passing through the gate I involuntarily burst into a laugh, and a set of burly Irish workmen joined in it gleefully when I happened to express the wish that those poor fellows could have seen an American army. I should really enjoy the look of surprise and dismay they would be sure to assume, could they be brought to look upon a squad of our old Federal troops!

But, leaving the soldiers to guard the gate, we sauntered up to the shops, where we were besieged by men, women, and children, with every conceivable article for sale that the place afforded. What quantities of oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, pine-apples, &c., were arrayed around us temptingly, to say nothing of candies, pastries, wines, cigars, and the thousand other things mortals delight in. One pretty, middle-aged yellow woman, seated upon the sidewalk with a huge pile of baskets, was determined to win me to a purchase, and opened a perfect volley of praises and flatteries that were to batter down the last lingering remains of resistance.

"Buy a basket! Oh, my lovely one, don't pass me by. You are the sweetest and prettiest little dear, and I'm in love with you. My dear, sweet darling, buy a basket!"

What could a woman say to an appeal like that? I know what the gentlemen will answer at once. I glanced at my *cara sposa* to see how he took it, and discovered him with a broad expectant smile upon his face, and both hands thrust into his pockets. Evidently he expected me to "buy a basket," though he knew I had no earthly use for one. But I lingered a moment, smiled in my turn and declined to purchase, an action which caused the smile to fade from his "highness'" lips, and an expression of wonder to take its place.

It seemed like a dream to look around and see, instead of our grand trees and stately houses, the tropical palms, cocoa, orange, and other trees, while the houses were simple structures of bamboo, with a few exceptions. There were some houses of American structure, neat little frame buildings; but nothing handsome whatever. And our ride across in the cars, failed to show us more than an occasional building that was not a bundle of what the Southerners would call "splits," and a pile of thatch for a roof. About these were hundreds of negroes, old and young, great and small, and the oddest looking mortals that can be imagined. It was amusing to see the profusion of embroideries in which the ladies of color indulged. One woman who came to sell alligator pears, had a profusion of woolly hair, braided into two large, loose braids, which hung down upon each side of her face, richly garnished with large roses and other flowers, of which there was quite a variety. The woods were filled with luxuriant, tangled masses of beautiful vines, and brilliant with gorgeous flowers of most conspicuous dyes. The marabee were white with a lovely bloom resembling water-lilies, with now and then a most exquisite cluster of pale, purple blossoms that charmed the eye with their modest sweetness.

On arriving at Panama, we lost a friend and pleasant travelling companion, who left us to take the English line of steamers for Guatemala, having been appointed minister to that place. General Warren had served in the Federal army during the war, and being an old friend, it was saddening to lose him there in that strange land. But while I was regretting the necessity, we were hastened on board the boat that waited to carry us out to the "*Golden City*." In all the rush, heat, confusion and worry, one had no time to give to anything else apart from "small luggage," and I had not more than assured myself that all was safe, when we swung off, leaving my *cara sposa* on shore, and the tickets in his pockets! I looked at the luggage ruefully, then thought of the demand that would be made for all passengers to show their tickets on our arrival at the steamer. It was not a pleasant prospect; but a Philadelphia clergyman came to the rescue, and I found myself landed safely on board with the others, and actually in possession of my own state-room in a very short time in spite of misfortunes. About the middle of the afternoon the truant arrived in a row-boat from Panama, bringing a lovely linen dress pattern and elegant French print, for which he paid five dollars. The print, more than a yard wide, contained ten yards. The linen fourteen, and the two for five dollars! Can the goodly city of Brotherly Love believe this? I am sure it must seem incredible. We pay such prices on goods, and the duties into the bargain. Beautiful linen hose for 23 cents, and the finest linen handkerchiefs for 50 cents apiece!

While on the "*Arizona*," which is a large, new and elegant steamer, we were told that we should find the *Golden City* better still But though it is larger, we were sadly disappointed in every respect. We missed the splendid steward, Robert Cowes, with his immaculate white dress and patent leather shoes. It was a delight to look at him—always so fresh and cool—so kind and polite. And the waiters under him did him credit. But here the waiters look hot and soiled—the steward lazy, and the whole ship devoid of that cleanliness and comfort which belonged to the *Arizona*. Taking all this with the intense heat, and the unnatural taste of all food, we find little to compensate us this side the Isthmus but the smoother, calmer water which deals gently with the sick. Only one or two feel the terrible nausea which is the terror of all travellers liable to this suffering.

Yesterday afternoon the monotony of the day was broken by a wild cry of "man overboard." There was a frantic rush aft, and the steamer was stopped in an incredible space of time, while the confusion grew greater each moment, when the report came that it was a child who had fallen over. Pale mothers clasped their children, or snatched them from their nurses' arms to assure themselves of their greater security, while nearly all wept in affright and sympathy. Two boats were lowered, which skirted the wake of the vessel, and ten minutes were passed in breathless suspense. Then we saw a little dripping figure lifted into one of the boats, and the men rowed back sturdily. There was a rush forward as the doctor waited at the side to take the child from the men, and in the midst of the expectant crowd stood the frantic mother, sobbing and clinging to another little girl, whose screams mingled with her own. Her cry of anguish was terrible, and her entreaties brought tears to every eye as she begged to know if her child was alive. Some one said it still lived, and as the doctor rushed past us and up the stairs with the little dripping figure in his arms, the poor mother staggered and sank gasping into my arms. When we got her into the air and strove to encourage her the distress she exhibited was fearful. But word came down in a few minutes that the child lived and was getting better. With this the tempest of her grief was calmed a little. So half-an-hour passed, and then came the doctor sad and sorrowful to say that all efforts were vain. The poor child was dead, and the mother was taken back to the "steerage," where the accident happened. After an hour or two of labor we got her quieted, and then left her to make up a purse for her benefit. Everybody was sad, and her story was a sorrowful one. She lives a little way from San Francisco, and last March was summoned to see her mother in Wisconsin. Before she arrived there her mother was buried. Then came sickness to the babe, which exhausted her money, and in order to get back to her husband she had taken a steerage passage.

How few slept on board last night, with all this sorrow in our midst! And this morning at five o'clock I witnessed a burial at sea, which I shall never forget. The beautiful service was read in the dim morning light, with the soft ripple of waters around us. Then the small body was committed to the deep, and with a heartache for the lonely, wretched mother, I ascended the stairs and returned to my room. Only a few passengers were present, as it was desired that it should be done without excitement. For that reason the early morning hour was chosen. And now, with the sun sinking, and our vessel fast approaching Acapulco, we leave little Lizzie many miles behind us, asleep under the calm waves of the golden Pacific.

With a promise to write again from Acapulco—that is if the French will let us go ashore, I close my letter, and sign myself, as ever,

Faithfully yours, BELLA Z. SPENCER.

"AWAY our published maps we'll have to throw—
The books of yesterday, to-day are lame;
So swiftly, rapidly ahead we go,
Ere map or book is made we're not the same.
The stranger wishing for a 'pocket-guide,'
Must learn that here we fairly fly around;
And towns and roads are made on ev'ry side
In shorter time than maps and books are bound."

☞ L. E. Scott, of Bethlehem, Conn., writes that a *post mortem* examination was made of the body of a little girl who died in his neighborhood, and it was found that particles, which had been bitten from her finger-nails and swallowed, was sticking in the lining of her stomach, which was ulcerated wherever they stuck, and undoubtedly caused the death of the child, which was seven years old.

☞ SMART.—A story is told of a man living out West who completes eight pairs of large-sized boots every day. The editor of the New York Globe says, "It would be considered small doings in this city. There is a ladies' shoemaker down in the Swamp, who, as fast as he finishes a boot, throws it over his shoulder into a box behind him. He keeps one in the air all the time, and don't half try."

☞ While Edward Roark, of Albany, was sitting in the window of his house, reading a newspaper, a railroad train went by. In doing so it struck a stone lying on the track, throwing it with great force through the open window. It hit Roark, knocking him insensible to the floor and seriously cutting his head. It is thought he will not live.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—A PRETTY PROSPECT—A FINE STREET—BUSY LIFE—FINDING FRIENDS—TUSANT'S COMPROMISE—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

The prejudice which almost all intelligent foreigners who visit Chile naturally lay hold of, and in some degree almost invariably retain of Valparaiso, is based upon the twofold deception which the city cannot help practising upon the stranger upon introduction and first acquaintance. The first impression is good, and you are pleased, saying—"pretty place—*beautiful!*" The second is bad, and you are disgusted—doubtless thinking very loudly:—"Awful—Sea of Sodom."

Standing into the bay, there is the long line of white-walled, red-roofed city like two stripes of our American flag stretching three miles along shore—beyond, the enchanting green Almendral, with its wilderness of almonds, peaches, figs, and olives. Then up the rugged sides of the Quebrada, cluster and peep out from vine-clad coverts, pretty white cottages, while perched on the cliffs above, on the right, is perched the British consulate under the same extensive roof with the residences of a dozen or so resident English merchants, the whole cluster with its verandas, trellises and shady arbors, resembling in its picturesque architecture when seen from a distance, a fairy village. Across the chasm, on the opposite height, stands alone and dilapidated an old-time castle reared in early Jesuit days, now rent and rifted by earthquake shocks, uninhabited but by bats and serpents, and sometimes outlaw brigands; and the most conspicuous object one sees in approaching the city.

Behind these prominent landmarks the hills rise in broken, irregular swells and peaks; some clad in green verdure, while others are seamed and rugged, the hard, gray rock, or dark, red earth lying bare—the whole scene, city, Almendral, Quebrada, clustering cottages, ruined castle and rolling background, presenting such a beautiful panorama in the distance that the thought comes involuntary:—"What an other Eden!"

Then landing at the Quebrada, you are perforce brought face to face, and on all sides in contact, with scenes and samples of humanity such as have been hastily and but imperfectly described in the preceding sketch, and being thus assaulted and surprised, you set down in your mind Valparaiso as a swindle—a monstrous South American lie. You say to yourself:—"Now I have seen and know Valparaiso," and you think of her all that Marino Faliero said of apostate Venice in his dying denunciation:—

"Thou den of drunkards—Sea of Sodom—Gehenna of the waters—worst and last of peopled deserts."

Again you have been cheated. A second time deceived. Neither of the views have been Valparaiso. Only features of it; opposite, unlike and both deceptive. Let us look at a few more substantial facts.

Turning to the left into the principal thoroughfare as we go up from the landing, we find a fine street—only like all Spanish streets, and several of our own, a great deal too narrow; evenly and very well paved, with well laid side walks, wide enough for one fashionable skirt abreast. Both sides of the way continuously lined with better class houses, of *adobe* principally, stuccoed and beautifully white, many of two stories, the upper floors occupied as dwellings by merchants and traders, the first floor being always used as stores or shops, and a great many of these are elegant and extensive, and in the majority of cases literally variety stores, keeping in stock, hardware, drugs and paints, groceries, millinery, books, wines, crockery, general dry-goods, saddlery, flour and naval stores. Notwithstanding the miscellaneous business of these establishments, they are almost invariably neat, tastefully fitted up, and seem to do a fair amount of trading in all branches.

All along the busy avenue one meets well-dressed, well-behaved people of both sexes, sees a great many cantering cavalcades—men and women superbly mounted and admirable riders, many very fine horses, carts, drays, oxen, and now and then rattling along a barouche, or hack of English or New England manufacture, filled with a gay, laughing party, and drawn by spirited, well matched and carefully groomed horses.

Passing along the space of nearly three miles through such a scene, continually changing, and everywhere everybody busy, civil, and so like Christian society, one begins to see that Valparaiso is not nearly all *Quebrada* and its odious surroundings. He has seen his two earlier mistakes, but somehow never quite forgets the false impressions begotten of both. Valparaiso and her stranger visitors are equally unfortunate in the matter of first acquaintance. Valparaiso must needs have a Quebrada, but she is wrong in compelling people to land there and look at her worst features first. If all strangers from abroad could land at the Almendral instead, with the agreeable impressions received from a sea view of the city and its surroundings, the Sodom part of the town coming last in their acquaintance, or in many instances only indefinitely heard of, it might be forgiven us we apologise for our own city sinks of sin oftentimes—there must necessarily be a quarter set apart for brutes. But landing, as all strangers are compelled to do, in the very centre of abominations, and being obliged to face all its hideousness on their way towards the regions of respectability—is very like one's wading a mile through horrible, slimy mud in order to reach some beautiful, fairy island. He will be very likely to remember that the foul mud is also a portion of the island.

Valparaiso has beyond comparison the best markets of any town in South America. The best not only in the variety and quality of its wares, but also in its superior order and management. It is about the only place I have ever been in, in Spanish America, where one can buy beef that does not look as if two hungry dogs had dragged it three hours through the dusty streets, gnawed it all over, and finally finding it impracticable had returned it, dusty, draggled, and awfully disgusting.

Besides very fair beef, one can always purchase the finest mutton in the world, the very best of chickens, good veal, prime eggs, respectable pig meat, excellent fish, and a great variety of superior fruits and vegetables. Market prices, of course, fluctuate, as they do everywhere else; but, as a rule, the markets of Valparaiso are lower than in any other seaboard city on this continent. These cheap rates are the result of, first, an abundant supply; and, secondly, of a productive soil in many of the near regions about Valparaiso; but, more than all, to the enterprising, industrious habits of the people of the neighboring country.

The Chilenos themselves are physically, morally and socially far superior to the people of any other South American country, and are everywhere a great deal more energetic and industrious. But it is not to the native population that Valparaiso is mainly indebted for her abundant, cheap and better conditioned markets.

There are a great many Germans in Chile, mainly in and near to Valparaiso; and like the German element elsewhere, they are no sloths or sluggards. The majority of them go a few miles or leagues into the country, acquire land, compel it to produce of every thing abundantly, supply the Valparaiso market with three quarters of all the better meats, fruits and vegetables, making others comfortable at cheap rates, and themselves rich.

No country in the world grows heavier, better wheat than Chile. In no other country is there better flour manufactured. Why not make as good flour there as can be made elsewhere? They have the grain, and at the present time they have in Colle over sixty mills, having in them all the modern flour fixtures and improved machinery, all manufactured in the United States, put up by North American mechanics, and run under the superintendence of North American millers.

The bakers of Valparaiso are mainly Germans, who almost always are capital bakers, and having the best of material, the result is that one can always find better bread in the "Vale of Paradise" than can be found elsewhere on the whole West Coast of America.

Almost all the Pacific slope of Chile, from the parallel of 41 deg., down to that of about 31, and from the base of the Andes down to within a few leagues of the coast, is, with here and there territorial exceptions, a wheat region. By-and-by, when we shall get to saddle and the *campo* again, we shall find some of the features of Chileno wheat sowing, harvesting and thrashing, amusing at least, if not profitably instructive. For a few days, however, we have other things to learn of Valparaiso, its people, and something of its surroundings.

Leaving out of the question the lower brute element, and the society of Valparaiso is probably less homogenous than in any other Spanish American city on the continent. As I have somewhere observed our party in its totality represented eight different nationalities—rather risky representatives, however, some of us were. Nevertheless, within twenty-four hours after our arrival in Valparaiso, we had all found our national affinities, mostly many times multiplied, among the foreign residents of the city, only that no one knowing just in what national category to place our genial *habitan*, Tusant Masonville, every respectable foreigner of all nations laid claim to him, so he was in peril of being lugged off in as many different directions all at once. But Tusant compromised the difficulty admirably, only he did it in barbarous French, awful Spanish and English worse than both, something in this way:

"*E bien mon enfans—Spere um poco.* Now I speakit you some leetle thing ver well. You see ha nay possibles go so many way. You stop. Bi 'm by I bringit Valparaiso nine *Canucks* one for everee con tree. My self this time, I go always with this two ladee."

Tusant thereupon sanwiched himself between Kate O'Harra and Senora Minnie, claiming petticoat protection and security under the American and English flags.

Our Valparaiso friends of foreign birth were in general nearly as cosmopolite as ourselves, and certainly I never saw so many new friends, so invitingly persistent in their hospitality. To be sure we were lions and lionesses, unnaturally magnified, the Valparaisans having occasionally heard indefinite accounts of us in our wanderings through Southern Chile, and there might have been a trifle of self in the majority of the pressing invitations. But for all that, we could see no good reason for making a menagerie of the houses of people we had never seen, and so we decided that for the first ten days we would see Valparaiso and its surroundings, independently making the Esmeralda our headquarters at night, and riding our own horses, which had arrived from Chile more than a month previously, and were in capital condition for service.

Having paid our respects to the various consuls, and most of the foreign merchants, we made our first excursion on the third day after our arrival to the ruined castle on the cliffs, not that any of us had any particular expectation of deriving any profit or very great amount of pleasure from the jaunt, but rather that we were anxious to gratify two members of our party who earnestly besought us to thoroughly explore the old shell on their account. The parties were our old Cordovian doctor, and our pretty Santiago recruit, Dona Selina, wife of our handsome, gentlemanly Buff-lonian.

What on earth Doctor Sebastian Alvarez and Mrs. Selina White could have in common, in connection with that old Jesuit castle, was more than we could comprehend. But we promised them the investigation, and went one day to redeem our promise.

LORD FREDERICK FITZ CLARENCE was once dining with a party of officers, in their mess room, at Portsmouth, when one of them began telling some rather heavy stories of his exploits with animals, relating the performance which he had taught a young leopard, a tame snake and other animals; in fact, if this gentleman's account of himself was to be believed, Rarey was nowhere, when compared to him. Lord Frederick listened to his veracious stories for some time with the greatest attention, and when he had finished said, "What you say, Captain, is very true, I've no doubt; any animal, however low in the scale of nature, may be instructed by a kind master, and will become attached to him; I, myself, once had a tame oyster, who used to follow me up and down stairs."

☞ The tallest kind of a wedding came off in Chicago on Tuesday week. There were six bridesmaids and six groomsmen, and two bands of music played during the entire afternoon and evening. No less than three thousand persons paid their respects to the newly wedded pair. The wedding gifts amounted in value to no less than $10 000, included in which was a set of solid silver, worth $2 700, and a $3,000 diamond for the bride. The happy couple are going to Europe to spend the honeymoon.

☞ The effect of civilization on rivers is seen in the river Thames, in England. In 1852 the minimum discharge was 400 000 000 gallons daily; in 1865, it fell to 300,000,000 gallons.

Austrian and Prussian Armaments.

While the armies of Europe are yet waiting the signal to draw swords, and before the first cannon shot shall inaugurate a strife which may throw us years backward in civilization, it may be useful to indicate the chief points in the armaments of Austria and Prussia wherein they differ from each other, and to mark the questions about to be made the subject of a vast and bloody experiment.

Philosophers, statesmen, statisticians, philologists, all have their favorite methods of accounting for the madness that now and then descends upon the nations, that causes the youths to leave their ploughs or their studies to court mutilation and death, that urges the mother to send her son, the girl her lover, or the wife her stay and supporter, to the field that is to be fattened with their blood; but there is one object that must be in the minds of those who first provoke the contest—*an advantage to be gained and a probability of its attainment.*

Are we wrong in attributing some of the bellicose spirit lately displayed by the Prussian Premier, and pervading the mass of the army, to their confidence in having for the time the superiority in weapons, and especially as regards their breech-loading small arms, the dearly-beloved and bepraised *Zund nadel Gewehr!*

To humble Austria, and to obtain an uninterrupted coast line on the Baltic are the two principal ideas in Count Bismarck's brain. If the Liberals would give him the requisite powers, a Liberal he would be to-morrow; for the man who smokes his long pipe in the easy evening costume of Berlin, and laughs like a boy over the projects that he means to make *faits accomplis*, is no starched aristocrat, but a people's man if they would have him and give him what he wants. The Danish war showed him the strength of his military position. A few months more and his enemy will be equally well armed; now is the time to deliver the blow which is never likely to be so successful as at the present moment. And, from a military point of view, he is right. The poor Danes, when they recoiled before half their numbers at the colline before Dybbol, imagined the enemy's force greater than their own. The Prussian Captain Schlotterbach, with a detachment of 100 men, resisted the attack of double his force of infantry, supported, besides, by cavalry, and in a few moments stretched 95 of them on the ground in front of his slight breastwork. Three to one is the advantage of breech-loaders with cartridges carrying their own ignition, and three to one will be the odds against which the Austrian troops, among the finest and bravest in the world, will throw themselves with gallantry worthy of a better fate.

During the Schleswig-Holstein campaign the Danes suffered so terribly under the close fire of the Prussians that they could only explain it by supposing that the *Zund-nadel Gewehr* was loaded over night, and always ready to pour out its deadly bullets as fast as its trigger could be pulled.

Far be it from us to support this weapon as the perfection of arms. We believe that a breech-loading rifle is about to be introduced into our own service which has all the advantages without the defects of the Prussian needle gun; but for the time, Count Bismarck has the start of us all, and crows defiance accordingly.

The advantages of breech-loading small-arms, with cartridges carrying their own ignition, are chiefly as follows:

1. Rapidity of fire in the proportion of about three to one, on account of the facility of loading and the non-necessity of capping.

2 Ease and certainty of loading under all circumstances, such as rain, cold and nervousness. *Wet weather causes no misfire.*

3. The soldier can lie down behind any little hillock or bush and load with the greatest ease without exposing rifle, arm, or head to the enemy's fire.

4. A man armed with a breech-loading weapon has his bayonet always pointed toward his antagonist while preparing to fire, so that he is never off his guard.

5. Contrary to the opinions of the opponents of breech-loading rifles, it was found during the Schleswig-Holstein campaign that the ammunition expended was on the whole less than usual. And this is not surprising when we take into consideration that a man who requires three times as long to load is aware that he must commence firing at a long range if he wishes to have two or three shots at an advancing enemy, instead of feeling that if he reserves his fire till the attacking force is within 200 paces he will still have time to deliver the same number of bullets, and with greater certainty. With these advantages, then, can it be wondered at that a coolness and confidence is induced, more than sufficient to counterbalance the tendency of troops to fire away their ammunition recklessly, and which prepares them to meet the greatest dangers with readiness and courage?

The construction of the *Zung-nadel Gewehr* is well known in England, and could hardly be made intelligible here without the aid of drawings. Suffice it to say that the bullet is held at the base by a papier maché cup, which also contains the detonating composition. The powder cartridge is a mere paper bag, offering little resistance to the steel needle which, impelled by a spiral spring, passes, when the triger is pulled, through the cartridge, and ignites the detonating composition in the cup. The powder is thus lit in front, and acts upon the paper cup, forcing it into the grooves of the piece, and thus giving rotation to the bullet without roughening its exterior. On leaving the muzzle of the piece, the bullet detaches itself and flies alone to its mark. The ovid shape of the bullet and the slight exertion required in pulling the trigger give considerable accuracy at ranges up to 600 or 800 yards, though not such as may not easily be exceeded by weapons of improved design and manufacture.

What we desire to impress, however, is, that a force armed with breech-loading rifles, whose cartridges carry their own ignition, protected from the weather, has an advantage of about three to one over an enemy armed with weapons of equal shooting powers, but loading at the muzzle and requiring to be capped.

The Austrians are, perhaps, rather more advanced than ourselves in the direction of rearmament, but the bulk of their army have still the old weapon with the cannelured bullet.—*London Times.*

☞ THE SEWING-MACHINE NEEDLE.—Elias Howe, the inventor and patentee of the sewing-machine needle, has declared his purpose not to apply for an extension of his patent, which runs out this year, on the ground that he has made a million and a half dollars on it already, which he regards as fortune enough for one man.

A Young Savage.

The recent death of Gordon Cumming, the lion tamer, calls up an anecdote concerning a little Bushman (or perhaps he should be called a Bushboy,) whom he brought back with him from his last journey in South Africa, and endeavored to civilize. The Bushman, on his side, adored his master to the fullest extent of his limited faculties; followed him about with the fidelity of a dog, and did everything he bade him do, even to wearing the smart costume which Mr. Cumming had made for him, though always manifesting his dislike for these troublesome appendages by uttering a series of plaintive, semi articulate howls, whenever he put them on. Though docile to his master, it was known that the little yellow savage, with his small eyes and lank hair, had sharp teeth, and could bite like a mastiff, and he was, therefore, an object of no little terror to the household, including Lady Cumming herself, though the poor Bushman showed almost as much fondness for her as for her son. On one occasion, the latter, having left home for the day, after superintending, as usual, the toilet of his *protege*, the little Bushman, comprehending, apparently, that he would be his own master for several hours, went up to his room, took off every bit of the obnoxious apparel, hung a small mat upon his back, and thus lightly and airily attired, made his appearance in the drawing-room, where he at once sat down at Lady Cumming's feet, a position from which no amount of persuasion could dislodge him. No one dared to use force with the little savage, and all Lady Cumming's visitors had thus the unexpected opportunity of learning the nature and extent of the Bushman's views on the subject of clothing.

Cleanliness.

Ablution is positively necessary for the preservation of beauty and health. In the East, the harems have in connection with them baths, that the beauties may continue to have soft and elastic skins, and by the tonic effect of cold water, health may be prolonged. Pimples, ulcerations and many imperfections of a light character may be removed by the use of the bath. By the removal of fœtid matter from the surface of the skin, discoloration, black specks and roughness are often cured. It is astonishing, till one examines, how many ladies go about with dirty faces—the dust being sometimes allowed to work into the very grain of the skin. Water often will not remove this, and where soap injures the skin, powdered ammonia dissolved in soft water should be kept in a bottle, and the mixture frequently used. It is a wonderful cleanser.

The ears especially (outside and inside) both of men and women, should be washed at least once a day. A dirty ear is horribly disgusting. Really such carelessness as dirty ears in a woman, would justify the abandonment of her lover, and almost be good reason for a divorce. We hate even to speak of such things—but it is necessary.

A Natural Enough Scruple.

The following, related by a legal gentleman, deserves to be recorded:—A man, tried in Dumfries, Scotland, before the Sheriff and a jury, accused of the theft of some garments from a farm-steading, was defended by a local practitioner with so much success that the jury returned a verdict of "not proven." To the surprise of his agent, the prisoner seemed by no means in a hurry to quit the dock after the verdict was rendered. The man of law went up to him, informed him that he had been acquitted, and was at liberty to go away, but still the fellow kept his seat. A second time he was reminded that he was no longer a prisoner, but he remained immovable. At length as the court-room was nearly emptied of the people who had been present during the trial, including the witnesses in the case, the prisoner whispered to his counsel—"The fact is, man, I durst na gang sooner; I have on the pair of trowsers that was stolen." The prisoner had been placed in the dock wearing the clothes in which he had been apprehended, to enable the witnesses more readily to identify him.

☞ EXCHANGE.—A merchant visited one of the Chicago banks the other morning, and asked the cashier what he would ask for exchange. The cashier replied, "One-tenth of 1 per cent. premium." "Oh, I couldn't think of paying that, I can buy it at an eighth premium, according to the papers." "How much do you wish?" said the cashier. "Some $5,000," responded the merchant. "Oh, a round lot; well, I'll let you have it at that," said the cashier. It was a bargain, the merchant paying at the rate of 1-8 of 1 per cent., or $1,25 per thousand, when at 1-10 of 1 per cent. premium he would have paid but $1 per thousand.—*Com. Bulletin.*

☞ A Newcastle (England) publican has utilised the electric telegraph in a novel way. In each of the rooms in his house he has simple telegraph signals for the use of his customers in communication with the bar. On the board above the mantlepiece are inscribed the names of the different articles supplied. When anything is wanted the customer presses a button marked "bell," and then sends the order by pressing the button under the article named on the board.

☞ The six free baths established by the city authorities of Boston are patronized by about ten thousand persons daily—men, women, and children. They are all well arranged, and have from thirteen to thirty-five dressing-rooms. The water flows continually through openings at the sides, making it always clean and cool.

☞ Among the curiosities which will figure at the Paris Exhibition, a perpetual motion pendulum is announced which has already been oscillating for three years without interruption. The inventor of this apparatus, is a well-known watchmaker in Paris, but he will not as yet allow his name to be published. Three years is scarcely a test of perpetual motion.

☞ "A Prussian trick" is a saying all over Germany, and an excellent illustration of the meaning was given the other day at Glewitz. The train was leaving with the militia, when their wives and sisters flung themselves on the rails before the engine. The station master compromised by allowing the women to accompany the train, but in different carriages. These carriages were attached, the train moved off, but left the women's carriages behind.

☞ A "Pine Sucker" entered one of the Freehold, (N. J.,) stores the other day and inquired for their "*Elipterical Shirts*," and when she was shown one of the Duplex Elliptic, retired in disgust, saying, "There, I told Sal it was nothing but hoops after all."

The War in Europe.

War was formally declared on the 16th of June by Italy and Prussia against Austria. Prussia has also declared war against Saxony and broken off diplomatic relations with Bavaria.

The progress of the Prussians in Saxony, Hanover and other states of Central Germany has been marked by great rapidity. The Kings of Hanover and Saxony have withdrawn, together with their armies, from their dominions, the whole of which are now at the mercy of the Prussians. The Elector of Hesse Cassel has been taken prisoner. The Austrians have thus far made no efforts to arrest the progress of the Prussians, and even allowed the latter to advance into Bohemia. Thus, on the frontier of Silesia probably the first great battle of the war will be fought. Another battle was expected soon to take place at Frankfort, where a Federal army of 80,000 men has been concentrated.

The Italians had crossed the Mincio, but no encounters of importance had yet taken place.

From England we have intelligence of a ministerial crisis, arising out of the debate on the Reform Bill, Government having been defeated by a majority of 11 on an amendment proposed by Lord Dunkellin, basing the franchise on rateable value instead of rental.

LATER.—European advices of the 27th ult, have been received by the steamer Saxonia, at New York. The British Ministry have resigned in consequence of the recent hostile vote, and the resignations have been accepted by the Queen. A military revolt had occurred at Madrid and Barcelona, Spain. At Madrid 1000 had been killed and wounded.

The Italian army was encountered in great force by the Austrians in the vicinity of Verona, and a great battle was commenced. Both wings of the Italian army were repulsed. The Italians then recrossed the Mincio, after losing 2,000 prisoners. The Austrians took Custozza by assault.

The Prussians attacked Oswiecsin, in Galicia, and were beaten off by the Austrians.

It is asserted that the Hanoverian army is completely surrounded, and that the King has been granted twenty-four hours to consider terms of capitulation.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.—A fire broke out about 5 P. M., on the 4th inst., in a boat-building shop at Portland, Maine, and continued for twelve hours. The wind blowing a gale, consuming all the houses in an area over a mile in length and from one-fourth to one half a mile in width. The buildings destroyed comprise seven banks, four newspaper offices, eight churches, and four hotels. Two thousand families are rendered houseless and $10,000,000 worth of property destroyed. Help has been sent from neighboring towns and large supplies of cooked and uncooked food forwarded from Boston for the relief of those who had lost everything.

☞ VANITY.—Two inhabitants of Vienna (Austria) recently debated whether a man or woman had the most vanity. Unable to convince each other, they made the subject a question of bet; the stakes were two hundred florins. To decide, they agreed to place themselves before a mirror shop and count the number of men and women who out of one hundred of either sex, should stop and admire themselves in the looking-glasses. In an hour they had counted out of one hundred women eighty who had stopped to look at themselves, and out of one hundred men, ninety-five stopped to admire their faces.

☞ A horse recently jumped over the rail at a race-course in England, and seriously hurt a young man. While he was lying on the grass, another young man uttered a piercing cry, and exclaimed, "My brother—my poor brother!" He flung himself on the prostrate form, from which he was at length kindly and gently raised, while the injured man was taken away to receive medical care. It afterwards transpired that the affectionate creature who flung himself on the body of his brother, had done so to steal his watch and chain, and portemonnaie.

☞ A story was recently afloat in the newspapers to the effect that a travelling menagerie at Norfolk, Va., fed its lion on cats, and that boys were admitted within the tent on the presentation of one of these rat-catching animals. The truth is that the lions eat shin bones, and no other meat; but the cat story having travelled far and wide, the doorkeeper of a menagerie now in New England has been greatly annoyed at every point by the appearance of boys at the entrance with every conceivable kind of feline life under their arms, and demanding admission.

☞ A young man named Scott Dudley, while in a freight car on one of the Western roads, a few days since, put his head out of the door and was knocked out instantly. The entire train passed over him, tearing him to shreds. His heart was found four hundred yards from his body, one leg one hundred yards off, and the other could not be found at all.

☞ The facts of life are more strange than the fictions of fancy. Imagine a novel turning upon the amorous successes of a deaf and dumb Lothario! Yet just now the Divorce Court in England has been busy with a case in which the hero could neither hear nor speak, and, in addition to other Don Juanistic proceedings, had actually committed bigamy. We may look forward, then, with mingled feelings to the future.

☞ A Russian prince startled Paris, lately, by driving down to the Bois de Boulogne, in a carriage drawn by six gigantic Norwegian dogs.

☞ A New Orleans lady recently had the crystal of her watch shattered by a stroke of lightning without injury to herself.

☞ The remarkable beauty of the American ladies seems to be the leading topic of European society wherever they appear. The compliments thus bestowed are undoubtedly deserved.

☞ The young wife of "one of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of Pittsburg" abandoned her husband's bed and board one day last week, very suddenly, leaving behind her a note stating that upon the settlement on her of $20,000 she would return to her matrimonial duties. In case the money is not forthcoming, the fair one does not say what she will do. We decline to state our convictions.

☞ A judge in Texas gave as a reason for ordering the early execution of a convict that the jail was a miserable and uncomfortable building, not fit for a man to live in.

☞ It is seldom that a "diamond wedding," or the 75th anniversary of marriage, is celebrated by any couple. This was done recently by a man and wife in Olmutz, in Moravia.

NOT LOST.

Lost! lost!
A soul is lost!
Venturing upon the sea of Sin,
The terrible whirlpool drew it in,
And sinking unpitied and unblest,
'Twas buried—never, never to rest.
Surely it is an ungodly thought
That a grain of good should come to nought;
That a poor soul should cry out tempest-tossed—
Lost! lost!

Lost! lost!
A heart is lost!
Floating upon the river of Love
In a fairy boat of fancy wove;
The downward tide bore the trusting bark
Where Despair's bleak shores rose wild and dark,
Where breakers of Passion vent their wrath,
And the quicksands of Jealousy shift the path;
And the wretched heart cried from the barren coast—
Lost! lost!

Lost! lost!
No soul is lost!
Bright gems on the breast of Beauty shine
From the rayless caverns of the mine;
So, from the depths of the soul's despair
A flower may grow for a saint to wear;
And Love's young heart by the tempest crost,
May have Indian Summer after frost.
If we learn the Right by the Wrong's sad cost—
We are saved—not lost.

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,
AUTHOR OF "EVE ISLE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

"Alone, and waiting for me, Counsellor, I see," Mr. Wardwell said, drawing a chair to my side, and almost for the first time since my acquaintance with him, speaking in a tone of sincerity, without any tincture of sarcasm.

"I was indeed waiting for you, sir, and must confess to a little pardonable curiosity to learn every particular of a case in which I need not tell you I begin to take a deep interest."

"Not only in the case, but in the client, Counsellor, for which I am heartily glad. Perhaps you are not over well pleased that I have left you so much in the dark up to this time."

"You mistake, sir, I never doubted but you had your own good reason for withholding such matters as you chose to suppress."

"A very sensible conclusion. A majority of young pettifoggers would have thought I insulted their discretion by keeping back anything; but the truth was, you were a stranger to me, and although you impressed me favorably, and I am accustomed to rely on my own estimate of men, it was a matter of too grave import, not to myself, but to the young lady whose interests I had undertaken to serve, for me to proceed otherwise than with caution. I have become fully satisfied in regard to you, or I should not be here now, to place Miss Fairstar's case unreservedly in your hands."

"I am glad to have gained your confidence, Mr. Wardwell; and believe me, Miss Fairstar's interest will not suffer in my keeping."

"I understand all about that, my boy, and what kind of an interest you felt in her, before you knew that she was other than a music teacher for old Bottleworth's girls. Don't blush—there's no occasion for it. I had an eye upon you while at Oak Hill, and was convinced your intentions were honorable and straightforward; so you can consider me an ally now if you need one. But we are forgetting business. I think I told you when we last talked this matter over, that what purports to be a copy of the defeasance bond is the principal evidence we have of the real nature of the transaction between Agnes's father and the party who defrauded him. I brought the paper with me that you might judge of its efficacy, and here it is," and so saying Mr. Wardwell drew from his pocket an ancient yellow-looking document which he handed me.

I glanced at it hastily, and leaned back in astonishment, for it bore the signature of "SAMUEL SPRAGG."

"You seem surprised," Mr. Wardwell said, after watching me for a moment.

"I am, and naturally so; Mr. Spragg is one of the heaviest operators on Wall street."

"Aye, and he commenced his operations there on money of which he plundered an orphan girl; but in my poor opinion, he managed the affair very shabbily, and as a professional swindler he ought to be ashamed of it."

"The probabilities are," I said, referring once more to the document, "that in the first instance he intended to get possession of the property legally if not honestly. He had advanced a considerable sum of money to Mr. Fairstar, and when he executed this defeasance bond he doubtless fancied that the money it called for would not be forthcoming at the time specified—and in that event, a regular foreclosure would place him legally in possession, but the original sum advanced was so inadequate to the actual worth of the property, and there were so many chances that Mr. Fairstar might die abroad, that he doubtless thought best to defer taking such a step—and finally when so long a time had intervened without hearing from him, that he supposed he was deceased, he concluded the cheapest way would be to suppress the original bond, and claim under the deed which without that gave an absolute title."

"You are very likely right in your conjecture. At all events, he contrived in some way to get the property, and remorselessly turned Agnes adrift to take care of herself when she was little more than a child. But will this paper answer our turn?"

"I think there is no doubt of it. The Court records will show whether there has been any foreclosure. If there has not been, it will be a matter of small difficulty to prove Mr. Spragg's signature; and besides, I think the individual whose name appears here as subscribing witness, is still in his employ as a translating clerk, or something of that kind, at least I've heard the doctor speak of an odd-looking man of the name of Tortington being engaged in some capacity in Spragg's office."

"Well, the matter is in your hands now—proceed according to your own judgment, and draw on me if you require funds. Agnes Fairstar I have taken under my protection, and whether her suit results for or against her, or never comes to any result at all, she will be provided for. There are not many to whom I take a liking, and when I meet one like Agnes, I like to have her near me, and I am so fortunate as to be able to gratify this and other reasonable whims."

"I am glad to know Miss Fairstar has found such a friend," I said, and my heart warmed toward the eccentric old gentleman, as it had never done before, for the kindly interest he evinced in an orphan girl, who, mercilessly defrauded of her inheritance, had so resolutely fought her way, single handed and uncomplaining.

"I hope she will be none the worse for having known me, or you either; but that must be left for the future to determine. It is as certain as fate that a reckoning awaits Samuel Spragg that he wots not of. I *hate* a man that preys on defenceless women and children, and to such a one, I should be as merciless as to the snake I crushed under my foot. And it was an unfortunate day for him when Agnes's father put *me* on his track. I have a taste for following such reprobates; and I tell you he will be hunted down."

I was very far from feeling any sympathy with a man who had proved recreant to so sacred a trust as the custody of the person and fortune of a motherless child, but something like a chill crept over me, as I heard Mr. Wardwell's deep voice uttering those words of soothing denunciation, and noted the pitiless expression in his keen, hard eyes. Instinctively I felt that toils were being woven round Samuel Spragg that his observant eye would not discover until too late to extricate himself from their clinging meshes: and schemer, swindler, cold-blooded villain as he was, I could not hear that sternly-spoken purpose to "hunt him down" without a sentiment akin to pity; but not nearly enough related, to make me wish to lift a finger to avert the doom I felt to be impending over him, though I could not nor did I wish to understand exactly how it was to fall, though the restitution of Agnes's inheritance was of course the initiatory step towards his downfall.

In this connection, too, I perceived another unpleasant feature in the prosecution of my case. If successful, I should be the indirect instrument of depriving my friend's fiancee of the only attraction she had ever possessed in his eyes, and alas! in the eyes of a majority of those who knew her. Poor girl! poor indeed, surrounded by wealth and luxury—poor in mind—in the tact and discretion without which no woman was ever attractive—poor in heart, in spirit. For *her* my pity was sincere. She was not the first nor the last unfortunate shoot of Snobocracy, educated in the belief that because she would inherit MONEY, it mattered little whether she had aught else, forgetting that riches are so prone to take wings and fly away, leaving their quondam possessor poor in the broadest sense of the word.

But so goes the world. Spraggs masculine and feminine spring up like the Prophet's gourd from small clerks and milliners apprentices to millionaires, and rear up in idleness if not in ignorance a second generation who inherit all their progenitor's vulgarity and mean ambition without their industry and perseverance, and when these have broken the god their fathers worshipped, and scattered its fragments to the winds, they sink down with scarce an effort to the depths out of which the family climbed on their golden ladder.

CHAPTER XX.

At the appointed hour we joined our friends at the Astor, and found them in readiness, only waiting our arrival to set forth on the excursion.

It was a lovely afternoon—not too warm—one of those days when even the crowded, busy streets have rather a pleasant, attractive look, and we were all in the best of spirits. Miss Anna and the doctor witty and inclined to do battle—Mr. Wardwell humorous and ironical, as usual, and ready to inflict a thrust whenever opportunity offered—while Agnes and myself, if not as demonstrative as the others, found enough to amuse ourselves in their merriment.

In process of time we found ourselves at the visitors' gate of Greenwood. The ladies expressed a preference for a walk through the grounds, which quite met the views of the doctor and myself; but Mr. Wardwell remarked that a ramble might do for young people cleverly paired, but for an elderly gentleman, who was withal an odd one in the company, a drive was decidedly preferable; so, with our permission, he would direct the coachman to take him to the principal points of interest, and meet us with the carriage at five at the gate. As no objection was made to this proposal, he lighted his cigar and drove away, leaving us to ourselves.

There are few spots for which Nature and Art have done so much as for this beautiful cemetery. There is little of gloom and that nameless indescribable something that ever seems to pervade, spirit-like, the place consecrated to the dust and ashes of mortality; yet there is an air of hushed solemnity hanging over Greenwood, that lovely mass of tortuous paths and terraced hills, from whose sides, half buried away in the earth, spring massive tombs and beautiful mausoleums, like the imperishable remains of some long ruined and forgotten city of the living. Instinctively laughter and jest ceased, and we became thoughtful, and spoke in voices that were in keeping with the quiet, solemn beauty of the scene.

The doctor and Miss Wardwell were a little in advance, and as I purposely lingered with my companion, they soon disappeared in one of the windings of the path we were following, and I was alone with Agnes for the first time since the memorable evening in the dell.

We walked on for some time almost in silence, my heart full of the scene, and of emotions which, until a brief period, had been strangers there; and it seemed a place for thought rather than speech. The voice, however modulated, broke harshly upon the stillness; yet the silence was not altogether unbroken. Occasionally, borne on the breeze, came the sound of wheels, and merry, thoughtless laughter, incongruous and discordant as a false note in music; but notwithstanding the sounds were near, we seldom saw the objects from whence they proceeded, so winding and intricate were the paths—so undulating and broken the grounds. We were alone, though surrounded so nearly by numberless gay visitors to that place consecrated to death, yet possessing none of its terrors.

At last we reached a little eminence, just beyond that sweet valley, now marked by the costly tomb of the ill-fated young girl who died so cruelly on the anniversary of her birth-night.

"Let us stop here," Agnes said, seating herself beneath a wide-spreading tree. "The spirit of the place is upon me. Do not speak to me for a moment—let me sit quietly and think."

I placed myself at her side in silence, conscious of the subduing influence of which she spoke, then almost involuntarily my arm stole round her waist, and with no word, for I knew none to express the holy passion welling up in my heart, I drew her gently towards me, till her head rested on my bosom, and then softly, reverently touched my lips to the face upturned to mine. She did not repel me—she did not shrink away, but rested there, like a weary child in its mother's arms, with her eyes closed to keep back the bright drops that hung like dew upon her long dark lashes—her lips trembling—her bosom rising and falling with the emotion it was so hard to conceal. I needed no word to assure me that Agnes was mine. The blessed conviction that it was so stole in and wrote it on my heart in indelible characters, and from my innermost soul went up a prayer, the purest I ever uttered, that I might be worthy of the love I had gained, and that henceforth my life might be as blameless as was hers, my better angel.

I do not know how long we sat there; but an hour must have passed ere I had by word confessed my love, and had gained from Agnes the unfaltering, steadily uttered promise that she would soon be my wife. Then we talked on, regardless of the flight of minutes and hours, until the sun began to gleam through the tree tops, warning us it was time to join our friends.

"Do you know, Agnes," I said, as we rose to go, "I wish I could have told you this before, when you were only a music teacher."

"It is as well now. I know you loved me then. I have been certain of it ever since the evening we had that long talk in the garden."

"And you, Agnes?"

"I love you *now*—I never asked myself the question before—"

"I am satisfied; but tell me, why were you so unwilling for me to accompany you when you left Oak Hill?"

"Frankly, I was to meet Mr. Wardwell at the railway station. Days before he had told me of my prospective change of fortune, under strict injunctions of secrecy, which extended even to the mention of his name. I saw him frequently, and once after, as it seemed, he had seen us together in the dell one evening, from some remarks he dropped. I was certain he fancied I had more than a friendly regard for you, and I feared" (here she looked up into my face with an ingenuous blush) "he would be sure of it if I accepted your escort to New York."

When we reached the gate we found the remainder of the party waiting for us. The doctor and his companion were too much occupied with each other to have much attention to spare for any one else; but Mr. Wardwell eyed me from under his heavy brows with a look of shrewd intelligence, which brought the blood to my face, whereat he indulged in his dry, quizzical laugh, but made no remark, and we were presently rolling cityward.

"Our betrothal was plighted in a strange place," Agnes whispered in my ear as she alighted from the carriage, at the private entrance of the Astor, with a half sad smile. "Is it an ill omen?"

The question struck my heart with an icy chill, and up before my mind rose a dark presentiment that between us two there lay a troubled sea that must be crossed, perhaps through great weariness and peril, ere we assumed a nearer relation to each other; nevertheless I answered gayly, "I am not superstitious—never fear."

"This has been an afternoon to remember," Dr. Wedgewood said, as we walked down the street, after parting from our friends. "Miss Wardwell is a charming woman; but it behooves me to avoid her society, for unless I do I shall be so desperately in love that I may resort to carbonic acid gas before I confer upon Spragg's daughter the title of Mrs. Wedgewood. Isn't it too confounded bad I couldn't have seen her before I got into this abominable predicament?"

"It is unfortunate, certainly."

"Unfortunate! That doesn't express it—it's outrageous. Just think of it! I *might*, mind I don't say I could, for I don't *know* anything about it, but I might possibly have married Anna Wardwell had I not bound myself to that little doll, who has absolutely no attraction, apart from the fortune she will some time inherit."

"I fear that attraction will not long be hers," I answered gravely.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that I learned for the first time this morning that what in all probability constitutes a large portion of Samuel Spragg's wealth belongs of right to Agnes Fairstar."

"The deuce it does! So Spragg is the old Shylock upon whom Wardwell wished you to come down with the terrors of the law."

"Yes."

"Well, that's an interesting piece of news, upon my word! If I understand you, when my respected father-in-law elect has been made to disgorge what belongs to another, he will be at a favorable point for commencing the world again. That's delightful—the prospect opening before me is absolutely charming. An erudite young doctor, with a fine, handsome squash, where most people carry a head, makes love to a girl who doesn't know anything, under the impression that she has a prospective fortune. The young lady accepts him, and they agree to get married, when quite unexpectedly our medical friend finds to his infinite satisfaction that his *fiancé* won't have any money after all. Pleasant, isn't it? But, you see, I was born with a whole set of silver teaspoons in my mouth, and I dare say a silver ladle also."

"For your sake, I am really sorry that this matter has come to light, though of course I cannot help feeling gratified that an orphan girl has a prospect of recovering that of which she has been so infamously defrauded, but it does seem hard when a fellow has courted a stupid girl for the sake of money to have *that* elude his grasp."

Wedgewood seemed lost in a revery and made no reply, and not wishing to annoy him by an unnecessary reference to the subject, that could not be otherwise than vexatious, I held my peace also, and we walked on in silence till we reached our rooms.

"Come in here, Guy," he said, opening the door of his own office. "This is a serious matter, and we must smoke over it."

We were soon seated, and the doctor having ignited his meerschaum, his universal panacea for all physical and mental ills, proceeded with the subject of our late conversation.

"Yes, Guy, on more accounts than one, this is a serious matter. You know why I sought Lydia Spragg in the first place—you know, too, that were I now free from my engagement to her I would not marry her if she owned all of Wall street, for the simple reason that I have seen a woman for whom I have conceived a genuine attachment. Well, I had deliberately made up my mind to sacrifice my feelings to what I considered my honor, and fulfill my promise, but now it comes to light that she will very likely be as poor as myself, and the question arises, what am I to do with such a piece of furniture? I can't support her in idleness, and she can't do anything, even oversee her own household properly, were I able to employ servants to do everything. How will she manage then with one servant of all work?"

"As well as Miss Wardwell would," I said at random.

"Not she—Anna Wardwell I presume from appearances has been bred in wealth and luxury, but were she to marry a poor man, and in my opinion money would make very little difference in her estimate of a fellow, she would be anything but a drawback upon him."

"Well, what do you propose to do?" I said, in default of any more encouraging remark.

"I will tell you," he answered, rising and drawing his tall form up to its full height. "I am going to fulfill my engagement like a man, and work like a man at anything I can find to do to support my wife respectably. It shall never be said that my father's son asked a woman to marry him, and deserted her when her father lost his property. It was mean enough to enter into such an engagement, but it would be despicable to turn back now."

"You are deserving of a better fortune, doctor," I said, with a feeling of sincere admiration for my friend.

"I beg your pardon, but I deserve just what I am receiving. But the future Mrs. Wedgewood expects us at her house to-night, so we may as well get dinner and array ourselves for the occasion."

It was a few minutes past nine when we rang Mrs. Spragg's door-bell, which was responded to by the communicative Klaggit, whose long proportions were encased in a new suit of flaming livery, of which he seemed not a little proud.

"Late," Klaggit observed, after surveying us deliberately. "Missus thunk you'd forgot."

"Late! stupid!" echoed the doctor. "I didn't suppose she would expect us this hour. It's outrageously early."

"No, late," persisted the gentleman in livery, who thereupon condescended to marshal us in.

We found quite a company collected in the drawing-room, all evidently of a class with whom the host and hostess could fraternize, and conspicuous among them was Mr. Bingle engaged in the personal entertainment of Miss Spragg and her cousin, my particular friend Miss Bottleworth, with a learned dissertation on literary matters in general, and in reality engaging the attention of almost the entire company.

Bingle's star was in the ascendant, and he was evidently quite the little lion of the evening, and as soon as the trifling interruption incident to the arrival and presentation of the new guests had subsided, he mounted his hobby again and ambled off to the undiminished delight of the spectators.

Miss Bottleworth, however, managed to break the spell that held her within the poet's charmed circle, and came tripping across the room with a most fascinating smile and gave me a flattering welcome, though she protested while she menaced me with her fan that it was naughty—very naughty to wait so long before coming to see her—we were such old friends.

I pleaded guilty to the charge without an effort at self-extenuation, and Miss Bottleworth rattled on.

"Didn't I think," she giggled, "that Mr. Bingle was a very charming young gentleman. She had really become quite fascinated with him, and so had her dear, sweet cousin Lydia, but Lydia wrote poetry herself, and consequently it was not strange that they should be drawn together. They could sympathize so fully with each other's spirit yearnings. Did I write poetry?"

I was under the painful necessity of confessing that I did not, although I remembered to have made some praiseworthy efforts in that direction while attending district school during my tenth summer, when my heart received its first experience in love.

Miss Bottleworth thought these youthful yearnings of a heart for a kindred spirit very, very beautiful. Still she had never regarded district schools in the abstract as favorable to the development of poetry. The views there inculcated were usually of too every-day and prosaic a character.

In keeping up a colloquy with Miss Bottleworth it was not necessary to say anything, or pay much attention, for the young lady was gifted with a somewhat remarkable flow of language, and rather preferred to do the talking herself, consequently I was at liberty to look about me, and take mental notes of what was passing in the other parts of the room, only taking care to bow when she came to a period, and put in an occasional "Certainly," or "You are quite right, miss," by way of showing that the conversation was not entirely exparte.

Mrs. Spragg was not in the room when I entered, but she came in ere long, and wandered about among the company, good naturedly striving to play the hospitable hostess, according to the best of her abilities, but some kind of anxiety evidently weighed upon the good woman's heart, and it came out at last, when she seated herself by my side, Miss Bottleworth having temporarily abandoned me. The maternal instincts had warned poor Mrs. Spragg that her son was treading strange and devious ways, which she vaguely feared would lead him on to ruin. He was absent from home very much of late, she said, and drank more she was afraid than was at all good for him. And farther she had a terrible apprehension that he was losing money in considerable sums at play, for he had come to her several times within the last two weeks, declaring that he must have means from some quarter to meet pressing necessities, and she had supplied him so far as it was within her power to do so from the pity that every mother feels for a son no matter how erring, and the poor creature concluded by beseeching me with a homely pathos that touched my heart, to try and find out the worst of the difficulty in which her boy was involved, and set him right if I could.

Mrs. Spragg soon left me, and I presently found my attention concentrated upon her daughter. She was less demonstrative to Wedgewood than I had expected to see her, at which he seemed not a little relieved, and as I watched her a solution of the mystery began to dawn upon me. She was unmistakeably interested in the poet, and the doctor was actually being eclipsed by the author of "Jephthah's Daughter," and alas! for man's constancy! it was but too apparent also, that Bingle was forgetting the matured charms of my venerated aunt, in the more youthful ones of Miss Spragg.

I looked around to see if Wedgewood had observed this side scene. He was at the farther end of the apartment, in the custody of the mother to whom he affected to be listening, but he was watching the pair with such a look of hopeful anxiety, that it was with an effort that I maintained my gravity.

By-and-by Mr. Bingle and his fair companion sauntered out upon the balcony.

Miss Bottleworth observed it, and flew to my side like a bird of prey.

"Do you observe how very attentive your friend is to dear Lydia?" she said, "I am almost afraid Dr. Wedgewood has grounds for jealousy, but they are so perfectly fitted for each other by nature, that I am not surprised at the mutual attraction."

I answered that the attraction did indeed seem mutual, and if the doctor had found a successful rival in my friend Bingle he must make the best of it—it was the fortune of war.

"Oh! yes," Miss Bottleworth replied, "rivalries always have and probably always will exist, still I cannot help pitying Dr. Wedgewood, who seems a man of feeling, if he is really about to lose the beloved object upon which his affections are centered. It is terrible to be disappointed in love—broken hearts can never be made whole—no, never. I am sure darling Lydia never intended to trifle with her lover's feelings. She no doubt supposed she loved him, and if the meeting with a more congenial spirit has awakened her from the sweet, delicious dream, who can blame her?"

I expressed my unqualified belief that no one should find the least fault with her, and also observed sagely that it was fortunate she had discovered the true state of her heart, before she was irrevocably married. It would doubtless be a severe blow to my friend, but I was confident he would meet it like a man. Still Miss Bottleworth could see it was clearly the duty of Miss Spragg to advise him at once if she found her affections changing, before she had twined herself any more closely around his heart.

"I perfectly agree with you, Mr. Larringdon. My darling Lydia must inform Dr. Wedgewood at once, if she feels that another is taking his place in her heart. I shall insist upon it—and I know her too well to suppose for a moment she could wantonly give unnecessary pain to one whose wealth of affection she cannot return. I shall talk with her to-night—and if I find our surmises correct, I shall point out to her the path of duty."

It occurred to me that it might expedite matters for the doctor to have an attack of jealousy, and taking advantage of the momentary absence of Mrs. Spragg and her niece from the room, I managed to whisper a few words in his ear unnoticed.

A nod of intelligence assured me that I was understood, but at that moment the door-bell rang suddenly, violently.

Klaggit obeyed the summons with his customary deliberateness of manner, and on opening the door Mr. Spragg strode into the hall within the sight of all the guests, dragging after him the insensible form of Samuel Jr.

"You might at least thank me, Spragg, for seeing the boy home, when he was so beastly drunk that he couldn't come alone, and you having a party too," said a voice from the steps, sharp, grating and satirical, "and here I've been sitting with him for the last hour waiting for *you* to come. Will you never learn to be grateful, Spragg?"

The sharkish smile was on Spragg's face, though it was overspread by a visible paleness, and a muttered curse escaped his lips, but he made no other response, but motioned Klaggit to assist him to bear the wretched, disgraceful figure away, and his poor wife followed, sobbing piteously.

Silently the company withdrew, all, I believe, impressed with the same vague feeling of dread, though there seemed no reason for it, and the same presentiment that some inexplicable evil was hovering over the house of Spragg. As the doctor and myself passed down the steps, we observed an elderly man, with long, white hair and beard, pacing slowly up and down upon the pavement, occasionally pausing to glance up at the windows, and take snuff from a large tortoise-shell box.

"Flatt's client?" the doctor said, in a suppressed voice. "What devil's mission is he engaged in, and why does Spragg fear him, as he evidently does?"

"I cannot even conjecture," I answered, "unless it is that Spragg is receiving punishment for some wrong of the past. That man is certainly his enemy."

"Yes," the doctor pursued in a still lower voice, "and I am glad he is not mine."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Read the Sky.

The colors of the sky at particular times afford wonderful good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset prestige fair weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow wet, a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

☞ In a little town in Ohio a lady teacher was examining a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for ten dollars"—when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars; father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that!"

☞ If it be a sound doctrine that a line every day is the secret of success in art, it is not less true that an installment of pleasure every day is at least one of the secrets of happiness in life.

☞ A gentleman who took a young lady to Niagara, was obliged to bring her home immediately because she was jealous of Niagara's waterfall.

THE CAVE OF SILVER.

"Seek me the cave of silver!
Find me the cave of silver!
Ride the cave of silver!"
Said Ilda to Brok the Bold:
"So you may kiss me often;
So you may ring my finger;
So you may bind my true-love
In the round hoop of gold!

"Bring me no skins of foxes;
Bring me no beds of eider;
Boast not your fifty vessels
That fish in the Northern Sea;
For I would lie upon velvet,
And sail in a golden galley,
And naught but the cave of silver
Will win my true love for thee.

"Reena, the witch, hath told me
That up in the wild Lapp mountains
There lieth a cave of silver
Down deep in a valley-side;
So gather your lance and rifle,
And speed to the purple pastures,
And seek ye the cave of silver
As you seek me for your bride."

"I go," said Brok, right proudly,
"I go to the purple pastures
To seek for the cave of silver
So long as my life shall hold;
But when the keen Lapp arrows
Are fleshed in the heart that loves you,
I'll leave my curse on the woman
Who slaughtered Brok the Bold!"

But Ilda laughed as she shifted
The Bergen scarf on her shoulder,
And pointed her small white finger
Right up at the mountain gate;
And cried, "O my gallant sailor,
You're brave enough to the fishes,
But the Lappish arrow is keener
Than the back of the thorny skate!"

The Summer passed, and the Winter
Came down from the icy ocean,
But back from the cave of silver
Returned not Brok the Bold:
And Ilda waited and waited,
And sat at the door till sunset,
And gazed at the wild Lapp mountains
That blackened the skies of gold.

"I want not a cave of silver!
I care for no cave of silver!
O far beyond caves of silver
I pine for my Brok the Bold!
O, ye strong Norwegian gallants,
Go seek for my lovely lover,
And bring him to ring my finger
With the round hoop of gold!"

But the brave Norwegian gallants
They laughed at the cruel maiden,
And left her sitting in sorrow
Till her heart and her face grew old;
While she moaned of the cave of silver,
And moaned of the wild Lapp mountains,
And him who never will ring her
With the round hoop of gold?

Emergencies.

If any thing swallowed by mistake causes an intense burning in the throat, it is probably a "corrosive" poison, that is, destroys the textures with which it comes in contact, send for a physician. Meanwhile swallow instantly half a a glass of sweet or of sperm oil, or melted butter, or lard, whichever is most convenient to use, and then, within five minutes, half a pint of water in which has been stirred a teaspoonful each of common ground table mustard and salt.

When a poison has been swallowed which has no special effect on the throat, but causes sickness at the stomach, faintness, drowsiness, stupor, or any other strikingly unusual or unnatural feeling, swallow instantly the whites of two or three eggs, and, as quickly as can be prepared, half a pint of coffee made thus: On a teacupful of ground coffee pour half a pint of boiling water. Stir into it the white of an egg. After allowing it to rest a minute or two, pour the liquid into a cold cup, and when it is not too hot, drink it. Then, within five minutes, pour a glass of water on a tablespoonful each of ground mustard and table salt, stir and drink it at once, so as to prevent the mustard from settling on the bottom of the glass. The egg in the stomach more instantly antagonizes a large number of poisons than any other known substance; the coffee acts thus on the next largest number of poisons; while the mustard mixture relieves the stomach of the whole of its contents by vomiting more instantly and safely than any other familiar compound. This prescription has the incalculable advantages of being always at hand; its constituents are familiar to every one; and are perfectly harmless in any quantity likely to be taken.

If a person faints, place him on his back and let him alone until he "comes to," for the heart ceased to beat with force enough to carry purified blood to the head, and when it begins to beat again, it requires less power to propel the blood there when the person is lying down than when he is in a sitting or standing posture. Cutting garments, dashing cold water, or pouring brandy down the throat, are unnecessary interferences.

If any part of the body is scalded or burned, put it instantly under cold water, and let it remain there until the physician arrives. The cessation from pain is nearly always instantaneous. If a physician cannot be obtained within an hour or two, apply a handful of dry flour to the burned part until it is covered a quarter of an inch or more deep, so as effectually to keep from it the air which causes the pain of a burn. Tie a piece of linen or cotton cloth lightly around, if it is possible to do so, and let the patient go to sleep. If the burn is very severe let him live wholly on coarse bread and fruits in any shape or form, but not sweetened. If the burn is not deep, there will be no suffering; healing will commence in a few hours, and, as new skin forms, the flour will drop off, or may be moistened with warm water and carefully removed. This is the best, safest and least painful treatment for ordinary burns and scalds. —*Dr. Hall.*

☞ "Isn't it strange," asked a friend the other day, "that Sir Isaac Newton should ever have indulged in clownish freaks?" "When did he?" we inquired. "Why, when he was dividing the rays of light, to be sure, for wasn't that cutting up shines."

☞ Would you sound a speaker's depth—hear him twice on the same topic.

Water.

We have lost the sense of the sacredness of water. In the eastern lands, where water was exceedingly scarce, it was held in an esteem amounting almost to veneration. It was not merely the emblem, it was the element of all life and purity. A sacred and sanctifying property was attributed to it. The river was worshipped as if it were divine. The bubbling fountain owed its motion to the touch of angels; a well was an heirloom and inheritance for ages; enemies shook hands and chatted by the living spring in the wilderness. In the East, bathing was a holy act. The most sacred persons, on the most solemn occasions, made a rite of it. The statues of the gods were duly washed in pure water. The sprinkling of water on the sick and the sinful was supposed to act with the efficacy of a charm. The cleansing of holy vessels and of household utensils was one of the ceremonies of religion.

But in the West water is too common to be worshipped or to be sacredly used. Cheapest of all elements, it is despised and employed only in menial services. It is a slave, not sanctifier. In the higher departments of life we think we can do without it; think that beer and wine are better as drink, and that the oily coating of the skin is better as a protection and comfort. We compel water to make money for us, but we will not allow it to give us health, cheerfulness, vigor, a clear mind and a sweet heart. We force it to turn the mill-wheels and work the machinery by which saws are kept in motion, and paper is made, and wearing fabrics are woven, but we think it unworthy to regenerate our homes, prolong our lives and bring happiness to our children. We keep it rushing beneath our factories, but we will not permit it to gladden our homes. We have forgotten its spiritual uses. But if we were tempted to impute a divine efficacy to any element, we should certainly choose water as the principle which nature employed as the medium of her saving grace. The very touch of it to the skin is reviving to the whole person, inside and outside.

Bathing might well be regarded still as a sacred act, in which the innermost man and woman is interested. When, after a long, dusty journey by rail, or a day's work in the bustling part of the town, or a heated walk in the streets, or many hours of toil in the factory or the shop, we turn water into our bathing-tub, till it comes up high, and, stripping off the soiled clothes of the counting-room or the store, get in and let the cool, fresh liquid flow over every part of the body, cleanse the hair, wash the dust from eyes and ears, carry off all impurities from the skin, and quicken that wonderful coating of the body till it tingles all over with delight, something more than corporeal cleansing is accomplished. The drops seem to get inside, to creep along the nerves, to penetrate all the cavities of the lungs, to wind in and out among the convolutions of the brain, to trickle down the spinal marrow and feed the fountains of cheer in the secret places of the heart.

We come out from the bath healthier and happier. Care is washed out, and perplexity, and worry, and fatigue; sadness is banished and sorrow disappears. If, in addition to this, we put on clean linen and clothe ourselves fresh, it is not too much to say that we are new creatures; life is new, the world is new; we have new thoughts, and desires, and anticipations, and hopes. Then we are lovers of the truth and of our fellow-men. We are kind; we can bless the poor; we can forgive our enemies; we are in the mood of worship; we are grateful and glad, and we wonder that we should ever have been otherwise than grateful and glad.—*Rev. O. B. Frothingham.*

Slander.

We have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships once firm as granite dissolved to jelly and then ran to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as Heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, straining at the hated lash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of a grave where all their joy lay buried because of this. We have seen faith transformed to doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the feature of black malevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrongs, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger passions; but woeful and most melancholy are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck made of noble natures and lovely life by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of scandal. So easy to say, yet so hard to disapprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear. Gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruelest weapons man has forged for his brother's hurt.

Self-Forgetfulness.

Rev. H. W. Beecher says: "A true man, I take it, lives the greatest number of hours with scarcely a conscious thought that he does live. Everbody comes home to himself occasionally; but a man that is a man may be in life exerting great power, studying, laboring, thinking for others, working for causes outside of himself, and for hours, and days, may scarcely think of himself, egotistically. He may be thirsty, or hungry, or warm, or cold, and he may think of it; but the thought, 'Here am I; here is my understanding; this is my genius; such is my power and influence,' never enters his mind from morning till night. And if a man is busy as he ought to be, if he is using himself rightly, pouring out his life as a power on some path of usefulness, what occasion has he to go back and think about himself?

"But many persons do not permit this outgoing. They seem to think that it is a part of their duty of watchfulness and carefulness to keep themselves so near that they never are out of the reach of religious self-consciousness.

"The habit of perpetual self-inspection leads, generally, to great confusion and perplexity, because it is unnatural. The mind was not made to be watched while it is working . . . For the mind acts as roots do in the dark. If you insist upon bringing them on top of the ground, they die. If you would have them thrive you must let them lie underground, and judge of the plant by its fruit."

THE SEASONS.

A blue-eyed child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing her little song, while softly round
Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,
Pacing a Summer garden's mountained walks,
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down
To hide her flushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet Spring again her youth she sees,
With shout, and dance, and laugh, and bound, and song,
Stripping an Autumn orchard's laden trees.

An aged woman in a Wintry room—
Frost on the pane, without the whirling snow—
Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
Of sorrows past and joys of long ago.

A Thirty Thousand Dollar Job.

The head clerk of a large firm in Charlestown promised an old customer, one day, half a bale of Russia duck to be on hand precisely at one o'clock, when the man was to leave town with his goods. The firm were out of duck, and the clerk went over to Boston to buy some. Not finding a truckman, he hired a man to take it over in his wheelbarrow. Finishing other business, on his return to Charlestown, the clerk found the man not half way over the bridge, sitting on his barrow half dead with the heat.

What was to be done? It was then half-past twelve, and the goods were promised at one. There was not a moment to lose. In spite of the heat, the dust, and his fine light summer clothes, the young man seized the wheelbarrow and pushed on.

Pretty soon a rich merchant whom the young man knew very well, riding on horseback, overtook him.

"What," said he, "Mr. Wilder turned truckman?"

"Yes," answered the clerk. "The goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out; but you see I am determined to be as good as my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and trotted on.

Calling at the store where the young man was employed, he told his employer what he had seen.

"And I want you to tell him," said the gentleman, "that when he goes into business for himself, my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."

Reaching the store, which he did in time, you may be sure the high prices set on his conduct made amends for all the heat, anxiety, and fatigue of the job.

Keeping his word. You see how important it is regarded. It is one of the best kinds of capital a business man can have. To be worth much to anybody, a boy must form a character for *reliability*. He must be depended upon. And you will like to know perhaps that this young man became one of the most eminent merchants of his day, known far and wide, both in Europe and this country. His name was S. V. S. Wilder, and he was the first President of the American Tract Society.—*Child's Paper.*

The Eye of an Eagle.

The eyes of all birds have a peculiarity of structure which enables them to see near or distant objects equally well, and this wonderful power is carried to the greatest perfection in the bird of prey. When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that enormous elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey, and pounce on it with unerring certainty; and when we see the same bird scrutinizing, with almost microscopic nicety, an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses a power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable. If we take a printed page, we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness; but if we move this page to a distance of forty inches, or bring it within a distance of five inches, we shall find it impossible to read it at all; a scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles.

But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases; he has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. Of course the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance which God has supplied for his accommodation; he employs it instinctively and because he cannot help it. The ball of his eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, called sclerotic bones; they form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When he looks at a distant object, this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye, being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter; and when he looks at a very near object, the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form; the effect is very familiar to every body; a person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance; the eagle, by mere will, can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

Music.—Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and an innocent public amusement will be supplied to the community;—public amusement bringing multitudes together to kindle one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, having a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.

☞ The first part of married life is the shine of the honeymoon, the rest, too often, common moonshine.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XIV.

"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," Adriana pondered. Her musings were unsatisfactory, her convictions by no means flattering. "I am a fool," was the summing up; "and Etheredge Court is no place for me."

Then came a curious chaos of feeling, mortification, self-upbraiding, and wounded self-respect, which, to a person possessed of a tolerable amount of self-esteem, is far more galling than any amount of blame from others, and so Adriana felt it; yet, strange to say, a gleam of triumph mingled with the chaotic elements and counter-balanced them oddly. Still, when the voice that had once before spoken within her said, "Go!" the yielding spirit answered, "I will go."

True, the dark angel thrust himself forward, and muttered, "Whither, whither? the world is wide and lonely;" but the guardian-angel bent over and waved his wings, and Adriana fell asleep.

Morning came,—usually the dispeller of so many harassing night-thoughts. The mind of man, renewed, refreshed, rises with fresh vigor to meet the difficulties that in the solemn watches of the night overcome him in anticipation. The nerves are braced by the living power that seems to forsake us in our nocturnal struggles, and to return with the dawn of day. And yet at night alone do we seem fully to realize the life of the soul. Then, with the sense of calm, of loneliness, comes also the realization of the immortal, and man wrestles alone with his Maker. No factitious props are near wherewith to stay his arm; the silence and blackness around him are too oppressive; death, as it were, creeps nearer and nearer to him, and amidst the deep-felt quiet he seems to himself the only sentient being in creation. Then he knows himself more intimately than when surrounded by the interests and activity of life. There is nothing to distract his attention from the fact that he, the unit of an unnumbered total, is something more than a component part; he is distinct, individual, isolated,—a soul among many souls unassistable by any human agency.

Adriana collected her straggling ideas. Waking thoughts did not dispel her night determinations.

"I shall leave Etheredge Court."

On the stairs she met Mr. Etheredge. Her reassured step, the flush of confidence in herself that lighted up her face caused Mr. Etheredge to wonder at the change that had come to Miss Linden since the last night. Unconsciously he spent a good deal of time in speculating upon Adriana: she had become a sort of story to him, which he was interested in unravelling.

"You seem none the worse for the snow-storm, Miss Linden."

"On the contrary, it has been of benefit to me."

"So it appears. Therefore I suppose you will venture forth again, as the snow shows no signs of disappearing. We may have it for some weeks yet."

"I shall not be here so long."

Mr. Etheredge was surprised. He was not prepared for this sudden turn in the drama, and yet what else could have been expected? As Mr. Etheredge turned into his library, a conviction darted into his mind. He tried to reason himself out of it as a very absurd one; but nevertheless it remained.

Mrs. Braddick's perplexity at Adriana's sudden resolve, which would have been amusing under ordinary circumstances, was now embarrassing in the extreme.

"What had caused Miss Linden to decide so suddenly? What necessity was there for her to go? Anything, everything, should be done in accordance to her wishes, if she would but remain. What would the children do?"

To all which questions Adriana answered as best she might, but was firm in her determination not to remain at Etheredge Court. So Mrs. Braddick turned for help and sympathy to the different members of her family.

"Charles!"

"Yes, my dear," returned Mr. Braddick, looking up from a heap of papers that apparently deeply engrossed his attention.

"Could anything be more unfortunate?"

"Than what?"

"Than Miss Linden's going away just now?"

"Why just now, my dear?"

"I don't mean particularly just now," said Mrs. Braddick; "I mean that she is going at all."

"I suppose you can find some one else," returned Mr. Braddick, diving deep into a fresh bundle of papers. "It is easy enough to advertise; and you give a good salary."

"It is easy to advertise, but then there is all the trouble of seeing people and arranging, and finding out who will suit and who will not. I don't believe any one will after Miss Linden, and why she is going is more than I can tell."

"I suppose Miss Linden has good reasons of her own."

"I can't think what they can be, then; for it seems to me that no one in her circumstances could be more pleasantly situated than she is with us—more like one of the family. But," said Mrs. Braddick, suddenly, "I believe that, after all, the reason she is going is because you have come home, Charles."

Mr. Braddick looked up—a sharp, quick glance, but the impassiveness of Mrs. Braddick's face convinced him that no suspicion of the true cause had entered her mind, so he replied quietly:—

"Perhaps I had better return to India, my love. Shall we suggest it to Miss Linden?"

"Nonsense, Charles. I wish you would be serious when I want your advice and your opinion."

"Well, and have I not given it to you? You tell me that you do not know what you shall do without Miss Linden, and that Miss Linden is going because I have come home; so the only suggestion that offers itself to me is that I should go away again."

"Now you are quite aware, Charles, that you *will* not understand what I mean. I mean that I think Miss Linden must imagine that you have some unaccountable dislike to her. I am sure I should, were I in her place. You are quite unlike yourself with respect to her. Richard, too, took the same prejudice; but I think Miss Linden was beginning not to care for it, though of course it annoyed her at first; and now you, who generally differ in opinion from Richard, seem to have entirely entered into his feelings."

Mr. Braddick rose—he came towards his wife—he took her hand in his. Should he tell her the story of the past? For one moment he was even tempted to do so. For one moment there came into his mind that it might be the beginning of a fresh life to them both if he could pour out his heart freely to the wife whom he had taken. But would it do any good? He began to look with a man's eyes upon the subject, and arguments came fast to turn him from his momentary impulse. There was the effect it might take upon Mrs. Braddick to be considered. Women can never be answered for: they may see a matter in an entirely different light from what you wish; they may take just the opposite line of argument to the one you think most clear and logical. Then there was the possible injury it might be to Adriana; and, lastly, he was not quite sure whether confessions were altogether pleasant.

Mrs. Braddick remained in some perplexity. She saw that something had made Mr. Braddick feel as serious as she could wish; but as she never leaped to conclusions, she waited patiently until her husband should speak.

After a slight pause, still holding her hand, he spoke:—

"I am quite serious now, Margaret. I have no dislike to Miss Linden; but I discovered, even sooner than you did, that her position here is one that for reasons of her own is distasteful to her. Do not distress her by endeavoring to alter her determination. I have seen enough of Miss Linden to know that nothing will deter her from carrying out a purpose when she has once resolved upon it."

Mr. Braddick had made the best speech possible on the occasion, still he could not help feeling that it was slightly jesuitical.

Mrs. Braddick still wondered.

"I do not understand you in the least, Charles. Has Richard been saying anything to you against Miss Linden?"

"Nothing."

"You think she has some reason? You think nothing will induce her to stay?"

"I am sure that nothing will."

"It seems strange that you should understand Miss Linden so much better than I do, when I like her so much better than you do. I think I have the same sort of feeling I should have had towards a sister if I had ever had one. Yet I did not like her at first, but she gains upon one; she is a person I could trust in, and I do not often feel great faith in any one."

Certainly Mrs. Braddick did not. It was curious to see the influence that the woman to whom (had she known it) she should have been most alien had exerted over her. Scarcely exerted either, for Adriana had used no effort to gain her rival's good opinion. She had pursued straightforwardly and conscientiously the duties she had undertaken. She had devoted herself lovingly to the children, and yet had not weaned their affections from their mother; indeed, that mother felt that they were nearer and nearer to her now than when she had given them into Adriana's care. And her increased love for her children had opened other sources in her heart, and a warmth seemed to be infused into all her life. Mr. Braddick saw it, and wondered. Adriana knew that there was some change in Mrs. Braddick, but did not trace it to herself. She felt no love towards her; but the increased kindness of Mrs. Braddick's manner, and her utter ignorance of Adriana's previous acquaintance with Mr. Braddick, made her feel a sort of instinctive respect and admiration for her, whilst she felt proportionately in her own estimation. Had she not acted dishonorably after all? And what had she gained? Confident in her own strength, she had undertaken a part beyond her power to carry out, which she must now give up, and retreat as best she might.

Pondering over the events of the last few months, Adriana commenced her packing. The black dress of gauzy material lay upon the bed, ready to be folded. That dress, how much of sweet and of bitter it brought back to her, and how much of condemnation! It was, as a silent witness, becoming evidence against her. She took it up, as she had once taken it up before, and gently smoothed its folds. As she did so, something dropped on the floor: she stooped to see what it was. It was the locket her cousin Katy had given her at parting. As she picked it up, the words of her cousin came to her mind—"You must not open it until some great stumbling-block has come in your way, over which you have fallen."

Had she not fallen now? Had there not been a stumbling-block? Had her own pride of will been sufficient to bear her triumphantly through the ordeal to which she had subjected herself? No; she was miserably weak; she felt it, she owned it; her strength had utterly failed her, and she had fallen. She touched the spring, a tiny scroll of paper, with still tinier characters clearly traced on it, was in her hand, and she read these words:—

Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.

"Poor little Katy! She had no trust in her own strength," mused Adriana, "and why should I have? Has it not left me at the time I needed it most? Have I conquered?—nay, am I not rather conquered?" "Thou shalt not covet," sounded once again in her ears. She started up; a sudden gleam of light shot up from the fire that was burning brightly in the grate; it fell upon the soft gauzy dress. Away with all the memories of the past! blot them from your mind! The care of the present is for the future, not the past.

She grasped the dress that brought back so many memories, that raised such painful emotions. How small a thing can have an influence! She dashed it down, as though it had some power of injuring her.

"Oh, if I could forget, forget!"

Another blaze of light sprang up, still illuminating the gauzy dress; it seemed like a living, haunting thing to Adriana's excited imagination. She gathered it up again, and, crushing its soft folds, deliberately rolled it into a small bundle, which she placed on the fire. It did not blaze,—it singed and smouldered into a heap of gray ashes. Then she laughed.

"How absurd!"

The sense of mock-heroism struck upon her senses so keenly. She had sacrificed a good dress for the sake of an idea! The act was a ridiculous one. She knew it, but nevertheless she did not wish it undone. It had destroyed one link with the past, and the more links that were broken the better. She was almost beginning to hate Charles Cunningham. Very prosaic was the domestic life at Etheredge Court. She was glad it had not been her lot. Why had she endured it so long? Was the remembrance of the past really so powerful?

"May I come in?" said Mrs. Braddick at the door. Adriana opened it. "What a smell of something burning. I hope there is nothing on fire."

"I have been burning a dress," said Adriana, rather bluntly, some inward feeling prompting her to state the exact fact.

"A dress!"

"Only my old black gauze."

"That gauze dress!—my dear Miss Linden, what were you thinking of? I never saw you look better in any dress than you did in that. I remarked both to Mr. Braddick and Mr. Etheredge that it was perfection; and Richard, who never knows what any one has on, actually admitted that he had noticed it."

"I did not like it. There were painful associations with it," said Adriana, shortly.

"That is a pity, for it was a very pretty dress. I was going to ask for the pattern of the sleeve. You are a strange person, Miss Linden, but do you know I like you excessively, and I regret that you are going to leave us. "No," continued she, seeing that Adriana was about to speak, "do not be afraid, I am not going to try to persuade you to remain with us, but you must let me talk to you a little to-night, for I am afraid after your good influence is removed, that we shall all relapse and fall into our old ways again." She seated herself by the fire. "Do not let me interrupt your packing, but I cannot let you go without telling you that I know I owe you much. I can never look back on Charley's illness without feeling that to you we owe his life." Triumph again reigned in Adriana's heart. Mrs. Braddick went on. "I scarcely knew till then how dear my children were to me. I think I looked upon them as playthings, and had no idea what the loss of them would be, having no fear of losing them. And you have made them better children, and have acted a mother's part towards them without taking their love from me. I think I am a better woman too myself, Miss Linden; I do not know why, but I somehow attribute it to you. I have not offended you, have I?" asked Mrs. Braddick, in some surprise, for Adriana was sobbing audibly. "Charles always said I never did understand people."

"Oh no, oh no, but I cannot bear to hear you speak in that way. Oh, Mrs. Braddick, please, please forget me—forget that I have ever been at Etheredge Court."

"I am sure, my dear Miss Linden, that I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall never cease to regret your absence."

Adriana sat humbled before her rival, the grateful words were heaping coals of fire upon her head, for she felt that whatever excuse she might have for wishing to avenge herself upon Mr. Braddick, to his wife she had acted dishonorably. Presently she said:—

"Mrs. Braddick, I am very miserable, very unhappy; I do not deserve the praises you bestow upon me. I am grateful to you for all the kindness you have shown me. I wish I had had a better right to it." Then, rising, she opened a drawer in which lay the splendid Indian shawl with which Mrs. Braddick had presented her. "I am going to ask you to do me one favor," said she, "and to ask you not to feel hurt at the request. Will you let me return this shawl to you? indeed, indeed I cannot take it." Mrs. Braddick looked annoyed. "I know you will not understand; you cannot; but I ask you, as a parting act of kindness, to do as I wish."

Adriana held out the shawl. Mrs. Braddick looked at the pale worn face that was turned towards her, and gazed steadfastly into the eyes that met hers with such wistful entreaty. Something in the eyes seemed to touch Mrs. Braddick. Her look of annoyance faded away; she took the offered shawl.

"You are a strange person, Miss Linden, but I could make a friend of you if you would let me." She moved towards the door, then turning back, "good-night," she said, and kissed Adriana.

"I have fallen over my stumbling-block," said Adriana to herself as the door closed. "What is the power of man, and what is his might?"

CHAPTER XV.

Adriana had determined not to see Mr. Braddick again, and found it easy to carry out this determination. Mrs. Braddick, willing to do anything for a person who had so strangely drawn her out of her own impassiveness, made no objection to Miss Linden's desire to be allowed to remain in the schoolroom.

Pearl and Charley were her constant companions; Charley had declared that Linna should not go, he would not let her go out of the house; he and Pearl would lock the door and hide the key where it could not be found. So the two children set themselves to watch Adriana's movements.

"Why do you want to go?" asked he. "Pearl and I love you, and want to keep you. Don't go, don't go,—you shan't, you shan't!" and he threw his little arms round her. "See how tight I can hold you, you could not get away."

There was but one night more for her at Etheredge Court; she was to leave early the following morning in order to catch the early train; but this had been kept a profound secret from the children. When they said "good-night," they little knew it was for the last time, so they went cheerfully to rest; and a few hours afterwards, when Adriana went to look at them in their little cots, she found them slumbering peacefully. There was no fear of awakening the little sleepers, so she stayed watching by them for a long time. "Happy little sleepers, to whom the sorrowful knowledge of life has not yet come. May they be kept from my experience of it," sighed Adriana. And the remembrance of her childhood, when she, too, had no regret for the yesterday that was past recalling, no fear for the morrow's dawning, filled her with a wild yearning that the years that filled up the space between then and now might be for ever effaced from her memory. Would that the waters of Lethe might roll over the past. Yet wherefore? Is not the past the introductory lesson that helps us to master the present, and prepare for the deeper study of the future? No past, and the world would be in its youth again, and man a child spelling out his lesson of life with sobs and tears, divested of the kindly hand of ripe old Time to point to explanations.

The tears stole down Adriana's cheeks as she looked at the children. She did not care for children, generally, but these had found their way to her heart; perhaps, too, their open-hearted innocence, their freedom from concealment of any kind, had been a tacit reproach to her own somewhat treacherous line of conduct, and had made her feel as if she were a deceiver. At last she turned away.

It was getting late, people were moving about as if retiring. Adriana listened; door after door shut, then all was quiet. Still she waited, she must be quite sure. The hall lamp was out, and the only light burning was a night-lamp on the first landing. She might venture now; she must take one more look at that picture taken of Charles Cunningham years ago.

So she took up her candle, and went noiselessly down stairs. The swing-door creaked slightly as she pushed against it, but the noise it made was heard apparently only by herself, for she paused to see if anyone had been disturbed. There was no sign that anyone had, so she went on cautiously, and reached the library. Her candle gave but little light in the spacious room; too little to allow her a good view of the picture she had come to look at. She glanced round, and her eye fell on a lamp, which she lighted, and placed so that its rays fell full upon the face in the painting. She threw herself into a chair opposite, and, resting her face on her hands, gazed fixedly at the portrait.

Etheredge Court faded away from her mind; the years that had intervened since her parting with Charles Cunningham vanished, and she seemed to stand face to face with him as she had done long ago.

"And yet I am beginning to hate you, Charles Cunningham," she murmured. "Why, why did you destroy my life? why did you make these seven weary years so heavy a burden to me? It was not generous, when you knew your power, to use it as you did. Yet perhaps I ought to hold you blameless, since you spoke no actual word whereby I could account you guilty. But this night I forgive, forgive you for all the sorrow you have caused me. In my condemnation of myself has light sprung up, and I have seen how easy it is to be led on to act against one's own convictions. I have sinned against others even though I am sinned against myself. We all need forgiveness."

She had risen from the chair during her soliloquy, and was standing with clasped hands before the picture.

As she finished her last sentence, a subdued voice said:—

"Amen."

Did the voice come from the picture? She could almost believe that it did, for the eyes seemed to return her gaze with a life-like expression. She gazed as if fascinated, afraid to look and yet unable to turn away her eyes.

She tried to say, "How foolish I am," but though her lips moved no sound came forth. She would make an effort, she would not look, and she covered her face with her hands. The spell was broken, she would not look again in that direction, she moved towards the table to turn down the lamp, when, to her extreme terror, she saw a figure, the counterpart of the one in the picture, with mournful eyes gazing upon her.

Adriana was not naturally superstitious, but her nerves were unstrung, and her agitation was uncontrollable. She uttered a faint cry, and sank on a sofa, covering her face so as to hide the apparition from her. She dared not move, she dared not look up.

But it was no apparition. Mr. Braddick had been reading late by the dining-room fire, and hearing a door open, had closed his book, and determined upon looking through the rooms and passages to see that all was safe.

He was, as it were, spell-bound on entering the library. He would have retired, but the attitude of the figure so intently looking at his portrait fascinated him to stay yet a moment, and the half-unconsciously spoken words were heard by him even before he felt aware that he should not have listened to them, and the "Amen," escaped his lips without his knowing that it had been audible.

The look of fear that Adriana cast towards him showed him that he had placed himself in an awkward position. To retreat now seemed impossible. He could not leave her in her present state of alarm. Yet what to do was perplexing.

He advanced.

"Miss Linden!"

Adriana shuddered and clasped her hands more tightly over her face.

"I am afraid I have greatly alarmed you, Miss Linden. I was reading in the dining-room, and hearing a door creak, I made a voyage of discovery, thinking that possibly I might capture a thief upon the premises."

Adriana sprang up, all her chimerical fears were quieted; the wild absurdities that she had been willing to believe in vanished, and she stood face to face alone, for the first time since she had been at Etheredge Court, with Charles Cunningham.

It was difficult to say which experienced the greater embarrassment, for the memory of the past came clearly and keenly to both of them. To both the secret of their lives, though unspoken, was fully known.

They had loved.

They had been parted.

For it was passive. Not a voluntary act, but the result of circumstances. Each understood, each read the past aright.

Adriana was the first to speak, she turned towards the door.

"Good night, Mr. Braddick."

She did not hold out her hand, but merely bowed.

"One moment, stay, Miss Linden, Adriana!"

She was still moving away, but at the last word she turned, it was so long since she had heard it.

"Adriana, there is much I should like to say, but I know not where to begin."

The color came into Adriana's face as she replied almost haughtily:

"Leave it unsaid, Mr. Braddick; every word now would be an insult to your wife and to myself."

Mr. Braddick was surprised at the sudden change, yet it was just like old times, the quick transition from one mood to another that had had so great a charm for him. The haughtiness of her reply did not annoy him.

"You are right," he returned; "but I did not so mean it. May we not at least part as friends, Miss Linden?"

"Why not?"

The question was not easy to answer, so Mr. Braddick did not attempt to answer it. He might have reminded Adriana of her soliloquy, but he forebore.

"May I thank you for all that you have done for my children, and—" he continued, half hesitating, "and for my wife?"

"I have done my duty where it was not my duty to do it," replied she somewhat bitterly.

"You have done more," answered Mr. Braddick; "you—"

"Say no more, Mr. Braddick," interrupted Adriana; "good night, good-by." This time she held out her hand.

"As friends?" inquired Mr. Braddick.

"Of course,—why not?"

The sentence came half sarcastically. Mr. Braddick did not like the tone of it; but then, even in the days of his fervent adoration, he had not always understood Adriana. He felt deeply the injury he had inflicted, and would have given anything to repair it. But it was a case in which silence was the only course to pursue, and time the only healer.

"Fancy little Katy having such an interview," thought Adriana, when she regained her own room. "My good Cousin Davis would be aghast. I am not sorry, and I am not glad. I am glad I am going away, and yet in spite of everything I do not wish that I had never come. I have been wrong, and I know it. I am unhappy, miserable, yet I feel a sort of peace. I cannot understand myself, I do not understand myself," said she aloud: "I'm still drifting with the stream; the waters have raged and swelled, but they're calming down again, and I must go back to the quiet fold."

As Mr. Braddick was leaving the library, he was joined by a figure from the far end of the room.

"Forgive me, Charles, for having been an unintentional eaves dropper. I fell asleep over the smouldering fire, and woke up at the sound of your voices."

"Not before?"

"No."

"Then Miss Linden's soliloquy did not reach your ears?"

"Not a word of it. Charles, I half wonder that—"

"What?"

"There's something very honest about Miss Linden; she's impulsively wrong sometimes in the letter, but there is the truthful element so strong in the spirit that I would trust her through anything."

"Hem! you seem to have been studying Miss Linden very closely, Richard."

"I have. It's very hard to find a woman who won't deceive you, but I think she wouldn't."

"Are you quite sure that you're not in love, Dick?"

"No, I'm not sure of anything of the kind. A flash of light burst upon me the morning she told me she was going away, and I've been getting accustomed to it ever since. I have hitherto roughly classed women under two heads, clever and fools; the former annoy, the latter weary me. The latter, of course, predominate, and I am not sure but that they are the less objectionable, as one cannot expect women to be always sensible. I don't say that the others attain the wisdom they profess, for in their efforts at superiority they are continually swallowing camels, and reducing themselves to a level with their weaker sisters. But here is a woman who belongs to neither class, with a fair share of intellect, that she is content not to bring too forward; sensible and not sensible; in fact, a mixture of opposites, that makes her just what I think a woman ought to be. Sense enough to know her superiority, and yet to feel her inferiority."

"Rather an enigmatical sentence, that last, Richard."

"Well, you must make the best of it; I don't deny women full justice, but as to the equality of the masculine and feminine mind, I don't believe in it."

"Miss Linden might differ."

"If she belonged to my first class she would, if to my second she might; but as she is an exception to both, I think she would be inclined to take a sensible view of the case." He paused. "It is strange," he resumed, "that having been for some months in the house with Miss Linden, that—"

"That you never found out what you have half confessed to-night?" asked Mr. Braddick, interrupting him.

"Partly. The only woman I ever thought worth caring about is slipping through my fingers."

"Do you think that her 'fair share of intellect' has enabled her to grasp the fact?"

"Certainly not. Pooh! what absurdities I am talking about.

It is the witching hour of night,
When churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead.

And from the dungeons of my mind wild fancies are escaping that will fade away in the daylight. Good-night!"

"Good-night!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ AWFUL.—A lady in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, was observed to leave a trail of sawdust behind her. If ladies will wear such things to improve the shape of their limbs, those stuffed with hair are said to be the best.

☞ The horses of the Manchester Carriage Company, at Pendleton, are now cleaned by a steam-brushing machine. The idea has evidently been derived from the hair-dressers' revolving brushes.

☞ A young lady in the seminary at Kent's Hill, was so greatly mortified the other day by being detected in pilfering, that she committed suicide by taking poison. Her character was good in other respects, and she was to have graduated in two weeks.

☞ It seems Wigfall (of Texas) escaped from the country by passing himself off, under disguise, as a paroled soldier. He asked a soldier of the guard what they would do with old Wigfall if they caught him, and the reply being "O, we would hang him," he remarked, "And you would serve him right. If I should be with you I have no doubt that I should be pulling at the end of the rope myself!" Pretty good pun that.

☞ A French paper, speaking of a new cemetery near Lyons, says that M Cazgoigne had the pleasure of being the first individual who was buried in this delightful situation.

☞ The state of Illinois is bigger than all New England with New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland thrown in.

☞ The tears we shed for those we love are the streams which water the garden of the heart, and without them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of affection would perish.

☞ The Carlow Sentinel reports an inquest on a girl who, it was found, had died from eating orange-peel.

☞ They have a new fire annihilator, in London, which, it is said, "puts out a fire instantly." It is called "*L'Extincteur*."

☞ THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.—M. Duchartre, who has been investigating the rate of growth in plants by day and night, considers that the greatest increase in length takes place at night. His measurements have been made on the vine, the gladiolus, the strawberry, the hop and other plants.

☞ Five years ago a man in the Ohio state prison succeeded in making his escape. A few days ago he returned and expressed a desire to serve out his term. The only explanation given is, that while out of prison he got married—it would be ungallant to say anything more.

Legal Quarrel over a Dead Man's Head.

(*From the Cincinnati Gazette.*)

It will be remembered by our readers that the late eminent Dr. W. Byrd Powell, of Covington, Ky., long known as a Professor of Physiology, Phrenology, &c., &c., bequeathed his head to his old friend and pupil, Professor A. T. Keckeler, now his successor in the practice and teaching of these sciences. This singular legacy was forthwith claimed and taken possession of by Professor Keckeler, who received it from the body of Dr. Powell on the 15th of May, under the anatomical direction of Dr. Curtis. The head was as the property of Professor Keckeler, conveyed to his residence, No. 152 Broadway, there to take its place among the large and ghastly collection of crania, once the property of the living, great and good and their antipodes of the human race, after undergoing certain mysterious preparations, for scientific purposes.

The Professor, secure in the possession of his bequest, and busily engaged in the scientific examination thereof, suddenly finds himself in a quandary, being informed that the Kentucky authorities are about to indict him for some unknown crime, in carrying off the defunct doctor's cranium, and is threatened with legal process to compel his restoration to the grave of that portion of the late Dr. Powell legally his, under the testator's will, but demanded by Kentucky as part of her sacred soil. How this will turn out remains to be seen.

Prussian and Austrian Soldiers.

"Malakoff," the well-known correspondent of the London Times, in a letter to that paper, dated Frankfort-on-the-Main, May 26, says:

"The Prussian soldiers we meet, and every town is now crammed with them, present in general a soft appearance, as compared with either the French or Austrian soldiers. We visited the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblentz, and saw there several regiments under inspection, and ready to march to the Saxon frontier. They were composed of as good material as any country in Europe, perhaps could turn out, and they were well equipped. Prussian uniforms and Prussian firearms, are, in fact, not to be criticised; but the men did not look soldierly; they stared about and were gawky and militia-like; their accoutrements lacked compactness, and when they marched they showed a fault which is the despair of all old generals—they support their knapsacks on their backs with the hand.

"The Austrians we saw, on the contrary, looked hardy and machine-like; when they passed they stared neither to the right nor to the left; they walked upright and lithe, like the French, but they looked so expressionless, so impersonal, so unlike the ordinary individuals one daily associates with, that the only impression left on the mind was that of a remorseless machine, made to execute orders without knowing why. As to the physique of the men, the Austrians are the tallest, but this appears not to be an advantage in war, since we recollect having seen the little *pion pions* of the French army put the tall Austrians to flight at Solferino.

"The soldiers of the other Germanic States, so far as we have seen them, although fine-looking men, have a most miserable *tenue*, and appear infinitely more like loose militiamen than the Prussians.

☞ HORRIBLE.—In Georgia, recently, a negro came upon three women in a secluded out-of-the-way place, and attempted to detain them all. Two of them succeeded in getting away from him. The other one he took into the woods, tied her, and kept her there two days without food. Her friends found her at the end of that time. The negro was caught, and the lady was asked what punishment she desired to have inflicted on this demon. She replied she wanted his arms cut off and then wished him skinned alive. The sentence was executed. The negro lived about ten minutes after the operation.

☞ So prominent an English Periodical as *Once a Week* gravely informs its readers that Benjamin Franklin, "upon his return to Philadelphia was elected Governor of that state and shortly afterwards President of the United States of America." The historical error of the writer is more pardonable than his geographical blunder, for Franklin was chosen "President," not of the United States, but of Pennsylvania, the title of Governor being not then used in this state.

☞ A MODERN ROMULUS.—Delhi (India) Gazette tells a marvellous story of a boy of twelve years of age, who has just been taken from a she-wolf's den near that place. The Gazette announces that, like Romulus of old, he had been suckled by her, and when discovered he ran away swiftly on all fours. It also adds that he was fonder of raw meat than any other food. All of which makes up a very pretty and romantic story, that the world may believe or not, as it chooses.

☞ ROYAL SUPERSTITION.—A royal wedding—the marriage of the Princess Mary of Cambridge to Prince Teck—took place at Kew, England, June 12th, in presence of the Queen and almost every member of the Royal family. The church was crowded with the *haute monde*. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Canterbury and Winchester. After the services and a superb *d' jeuner*, the happy pair took their departure for Ashbridge Park, the seat of Earl Brownlow. On leaving, the fair bride was nearly covered with *a shower of white slippers thrown after the carriage for luck*.

☞ A combustible stone, which is said to burn like a tinder, has recently been discovered at Shullsburg, Lafayette county, Wisconsin. It is a grayish clay color, about as hard as sandstone, and seems to be impregnated with a very large quantity of oil. It is found in immense beds—and the owners are at a loss to know whether it would be more profitable to extract the oil or to sell it for fuel as it comes from the quarry.

☞ A law has just passed by a large majority in the French Corps Legislatif, by virtue of which every Frenchman who commits abroad a crime or an offence, whether against a Frenchman or a foreigner, may be prosecuted and punished conformably to the French laws, immediately on his return to his own country.

☞ On the overland stage route and near Placerville, stands a signboard inscribed "178 miles from John Smith's Clothing Store, San Francisco," giving some idea of California advertising enterprise.

☞ Three photographers of Warsaw have been sentenced to a fine of one hundred rubles each, for having produced portraits of Komisaroff, the peasant who saved the Russian Emperor's life, whose shadow depicted the head of an ass.

The Mad Stone.

A Richmond correspondent of one of the leading dailies is responsible for the following remarkable narrative:—

Southern Virginia has long been noted for its mineral wealth, but is destined to be more famous from the fact that it has lately shown itself possessed of a mine of "The Wonderful Mad Stone," very limited, to be sure, as to quantity, but almost incalculable as to value, and as the matter is important, I propose to trace the matter fully.

Everybody has heard of the famous Mad Stones, not more than a score of which were known to be in existence. In Virginia the substance is known as the Ponto Stone, from the fact that Dr. Ponto, (long since dead) a resident of the region where the late discovery was made, was the first to use it, and from him all the known specimens have come. The instances where the Ponto Stone has cured and prevented hydrophobia are very numerous, but it was never tried for any other poison. This much of premise, and I come to my history, first saying that the parties not yet knowing exactly how to proceed, I do not feel at liberty to give names in full, and therefore use initial letters.

About six weeks ago a Mr. G———, a resident of Halifax, came to Dr. M——— and said that he had found something that looked like the Ponto Stone, and, producing a dozen pieces, wished the doctor to experiment with them. The doctor was skeptical, but, to accommodate his friend, undertook to comply with his desire. For some time no opportunity for experiment was presented—mad dogs fortunately not being very plenty at any time or in any place, and very scarce indeed in Virginia so early in the summer. At last, about ten days ago, a negro on the doctor's place loading corn shucks, gathered up in one armful a huge copperhead snake which bit him on the arm just above the wrist. The negro yelled, of course, but stopping only to tie his suspender tightly around his arm just above the elbow, started on the run for the doctor. The distance was not great, but by the time he had arrived the arm was greatly swollen, thus shewing the poison to be very virulent. Dr. M——— resolved on trying the stone, and applied it, following the directions in the use of the Ponto Stone. In the present instance the stone clung to the negro's arm with wonderful tenacity for a few minutes and then fell off, the swelling meantime sensibly decreasing. It was then put in lukewarm water, and the poison was distinctly seen to exude from it. Being taken out of the water and thoroughly dried it was again applied and again adhered, but not so long as before nor with the same terrible grip, but when it came off all the poison in the negro's veins came with it, or at least the man went back to work at once, and within an hour from the time he was bitten, and has shown no sign of the virus since.

It was thus satisfactorily established to Dr. M——— that the stone would extract the poison of a snake, and it instantly occurred to him that if it was an antidote for one kind of poison it was for another, and he pursued his experiments further. He next applied the stone to syphilitic poison, and with precisely the same effect. The case was one in the primary stage, and of very virulent character, and in three days an entire cure had been perfected.

Having thus discovered the great value of the stone, Dr. M——— attempted to trace the discovery of the new store of it, but with only partial success. J——— would admit only that he had "found some of it," but could not be induced to say when, where, how, or how much further than he might supply a hundred pounds or so. From a negro, however, it was extracted that J——— had come upon the substance while digging a mill-race; that he had scrutinized it closely, taken a specimen and instantly abandoned the mill-race by that route, and restored the ground where the discovery was made to its original state. Thus much and no more would the negro tell, and the secret is buried with the two and likely so to remain. Dr. M———, however, and his brother J. A. M———, on this slight information ventured a large sum for a half-interest in the stone, with a view of having it introduced into the practice of medicine.

I have spoken of this thing as a stone, but it is nothing of the sort, being evidently a vegetable and not a mineral substance. It is found in small pieces, and is of three colors—a jet black and two shades of dingy white. I have two pieces now before me—one a murky white, an inch and a half long, half an inch wide, and an eighth of an inch in thickness; the other jet black and of the same dimensions, except being a little wider.

I may mention, in conclusion, that pieces of the stone have been placed in the hands of an eminent New York chemist for the purpose of analysis, and of experimenting in the large hospitals of the city.

A BAD BUGLER.—Gen. Napier made a speech to the "Queen's Own" at Toronto, the other day, in the course of which he complimented them upon their achievements in the recent campaign. Among other things, the General said to them: "Had it not been for that unfortunate mistake—had the advance been sounded instead of the retreat—you would, single-handed, have driven the Fenians before you that day." And so it is all owing to the "blarsted" bugler, who "sounded the retreat instead of the advance"—by mistake, of course—that the "Queen's Own" skedaddled like a flock of scared sheep, leaving their overcoats and other traps in the hands of the Fenians. Wonderful bugler, that could have so altered the fortunes of the day by the simple winding of his horn! The Fenians ought to be thankful for their escape.—*Exchange Paper.*

AN EMPEROR WITHOUT A HANDKERCHIEF.—A young secretary of the Turkish Embassy is accredited with the following *pleasure*. He was asked, while in the company of the representatives of Parisian beauty, to whom he thought the Viceroy of Egypt on his visit to the Great Exhibition would fling his handkerchief. "I am sure I cannot say," replied the embryo Ambassador "for the Viceroy never uses a handkerchief"—an enlightenment as to the manners of the East which is a little surprising.—*Court Journal.*

☞ Dr. Guillotine wrote of his celebrated invention to a friend: "*Mon cher:* The punishment which I have invented is so gentle—so gentle that really it is only the idea of death which could make it disagreeable. Indeed, if one were not thinking of death, one would only experience the sensation of a slight and pleasant coolness on the neck, that is all!"

What Woman Can Do.

Among the strangers in Philadelphia at this moment, are two ladies from Martinsburg, West Virginia. Yesterday they were purchasing a seed drill, a mowing-machine and other agricultural implements, whose cost in the aggregate was about $800. Their home was very close to the theatre of the late war. Between the two contending armies their houses and barns were burned, their horses and cattle driven off, their only brother conscripted into the Confederate army, and themselves left utterly destitute and homeless. Any one who, seeing a young lady such as we saw yesterday, had been told that she had personally ploughed and planted many acres of land, would have laughed to scorn the parties so informing him. Such, however, is literally the case. We learned the fact from a gentleman residing in the vicinity. The smoking ruins of the farm upon which these young people resided had scarcely cooled, when the neighbors clubbed together, built them a log house, and extemporized a sort of barn. Horses were loaned to them, and the girls with their own hands ploughed the ground, and seeded it with corn. The crop grew apace, and with their own hands they harvested it. They sold it to good advantage. They had owned forty-seven negro slaves. Some of these went into the Union army, others deserted the locality. The girls were left alone to battle with the vicissitudes of the war.

Our informant, whose respectability is beyond all question, says that these girls produced by their work in the field more decided and productive results than were accomplished by the entire gang of slaves. They toiled for three years and now have a comfortable house and most substantial barns upon their property; while improvements have been made to an extent that makes it of considerable more value than before the torch of conflicting armies reduced the buildings to ashes. One of the young ladies has since married; but the others still do duty as their own "overseers," and they themselves purchased yesterday, and directed the shipment of the agricultural implements to which we have above referred. The wonder to the dealer was that a lady delicately gloved and attired as though she had never overstepped the boudoir, should descant experimentally and intelligently upon the respective merits of the different reaping-machines, and upon the comparative values of the different patents for threshing out the cereals.

These young ladies were educated in Philadelphia, and are well known to many of our best people.—*North American.*

☞ "In some portions of this county," says the Owenesboro (Ky.) Shield, "the snakes are so numerous that it is impossible for farmers to cultivate their crops. On Panther Creek, a stream near this city, as high as five hundred snakes have been discovered in one body; fishing has been almost entirely abandoned in this creek on account of snakes, and in some portions of the country stock have left the woods terror-stricken on account of the numerous quantity of snakes.

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"Itch"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Cures	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Itching Piles,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Salt-rheum, Scald-head, Rash,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	all Skin Diseases.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Price 50 cents.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	☞ By sending 60 cents to	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Dr. Swayne & Son,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	No. 330 North Sixth St., Phila.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"Tetter."
"Itch"	age paid, to any address.	"Tetter."

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MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. je16-6m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Palpitation of the heart is frequently caused by indigestion or related state of the nervous system. A course of a few weeks of these invaluable medicines will diminish the irregular throbbing, and by removing the source, restore its natural pulsation. To assist the functions not to force them is the true secret of success. Holloway's medicines and treatment are based on the simple laws of nature—by annihilating the cause the effect disappears. Sold by all Druggists, at 25c., 62c., and $1 per box or pot.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been very dull. About 7000 bbls sold in lots, mostly to the retailers and bakers, at prices ranging from $8.50@9 for superfine; $9@10 for extra; $10.50@12 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $11.50@14 for Penna and Ohio family; and $15@17 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6.50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat is limited. 8000 bus common to prime old red sold at from $2,70 to 3; 12 000 bus spring, in lots, at $2,45@2 50; 300 bus new at $3, and small lots of white at $3 30@3 40 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye; sales 3,00 bus Western and Penna at $1 20@1,25 ₩ bus. Corn; sales 60,000 bus Western mixed at from 95 to 98c, and 25,000 bus prime yellow at from 98c to $1 ₩ bus, afloat and in store. Oats; 6000 bus Delaware sold at 75@76c; 12,000 bus Penna at 72@73c, and 20,000 bus Western at 60@61c ₩ bus, as to quality.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very firm; small sales of new Mess Pork are making at $31 ₩ bbl. Bacon Hams at 25@26c ₩ lb for plain and fancy, pickled do at 20c, salt Shoulders at 15½@16c. Prime Lard at 23c, and Butter at 20@26c ₩ lb, as to quality. Cheese; sales of new New York at 19@23c. Eggs are selling at 22@23c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market continues dull. About 800 bales of Middlings sold in lots at from 37@38c ₩ lb for uplands and New Orleans.

BARK—About 70 hhds for No 1 Quercitron sold at $34@35 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark sells at $17@18 ₩ cord.

COAL—The market continues active. Cargo sales are making at $6@6.25 for White Ash, and $6@6.50 ₩ ton for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Small sales are making at 75@80c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are reported at $8@10 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples are scarce.

HOPS—Small sales of Eastern and Western are making at from 40@70c ₩ lb, as to quality.

PLASTER—We quote soft at $4.50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover-seed continues scarce. Small sales of prime are reported at $7,75@8 ₩ 64 lbs. Flax-seed is also scarce at $3,40 ₩ bus. Timothy is quoted at $5@5,50 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells in a small way at $2,50@2.55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—Small sales of bbls are making at $2 24@2.26 for Pennsylvania, and $2.28@2.29 ₩ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are making at 12½@12½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The demand continues active; sales comprise about 400,000 lbs, in lots, at prices ranging from 66@67c for extra fleece; 60@65 for fine; 60@62c for medium; 52@56c for coarse; 60@65c for tub washed, and 40@43c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 16½@17½c ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $70 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6½c ₩ lb. 26.0 Hogs sold at from $13,50@14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

IMPORTANT TRADE MARK CASE IN CANADA.

Before J. C. Taché, acting in the absence of the Minister of Agriculture.

Tried at Ottawa, C. W., March 21 and 22, 1866.

This suit was brought by Messrs. Perry Davis & Son, of Providence, R. I., U. S. A., to procure for themselves the enregistration of the words "*Pain Killer*" as their Trade Mark in the Trade Marks Register of Canada, Lymans, Clare & Co., of Montreal, C. E., having previously obtained the enregistration of "*Lyman's Universal Pain Killer*" as their trade mark.

To sustain their claim of exclusive right to the words "Pain Killer," Perry Davis & Son brought proof that the sale of their medicine was already established in 1839, and their labels "Pain Killer" printed in considerable quantity in 1840. Also, the records of several courts in the United States in which this claim was sustained against persons using the term "Pain Killer" as a *part* of the name of similar preparations, as early as 1848.

It was claimed by Lymans, Clare & Co., that the term "Pain Killer," before its adoption by Perry Davis & Son, was a common term, like "Embrocation," "Liniment," "Lotion," and other similar well known words, and to adopt it as a trade mark could not constitute an exclusive right to its use.

Dr. Taché having listened attentively to the proofs and arguments on both sides, entered into a very full explanation of the law as applicable to the case, showing what constituted a trade mark, and what an infringement on the same, and in closing said, "Both Trade Marks having been attentively examined by me, I decide that the Trade Mark in question consists in the words 'Pain Killer,'"—and ordered the cancellation of Lymans, Clare & Co.'s Trade Mark, in the Trade Marks Register, and the entry of Perry Davis & Son's in the same. jy14-2t

PURGE OUT THE MORBID HUMORS of the blood by a dose of two of AYER'S PILLS, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies. jy14-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of April, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, D. D., Mr. JOSEPH SANNER, of Canada E., to Miss JANNIE GROFF, of this city.

On the 14th of June, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM K. DAVIS to Miss ROSE DOUGHERTY, both of this city.

On the 28th of June, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL to Miss CATHARINE V. CONNER, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOAB MOORE to Miss JULIA A. CRAWFORD, both of this city.

On the 28th of June, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN KLAMM to Miss MARY, daughter of Samuel Sheble, Esq., both of this city.

On the 26th of June, by the Rev. Robt. C. Matlack, Mr. C. RICHARD EMMERSON to Miss EMILY W. HEINS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, Mr. EDWARD G. WEBB, in his 59th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARGARET J. TINDALL, wife of Mr. Benj. Tindall, aged 58 years.

On the 2d instant, HENRY OSMOND, in his 39th year.

On the 2d instant, JOSEPH BURGIN, in his 39th year.

On the 1st instant, EDWARD W. CLARK, U. S. N., aged 23 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. CAROLINE HENCK, in her 76th year.

On the 1st instant, SARAH CUMMING, in her 61d year.

On the 30th of June, ELIZABETH R., wife of W. H. Semans, aged 40 years.

On the 28th of June, Mrs. ELIZABETH FISHER, in her 85th year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the *distingue* appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles, pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

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Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

Gentlemen:—"I had a negro man worth $1,200 who took cold from a bad hurt, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustang Liniment. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above for him." Yours, &c.,
JAMES DORRANCE.

Every Planter, Teamster and Family should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will, hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade" "Mark," in two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy of none other.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan27-eowtm Proprietors, New York.

☞ The London Art Journal says:—A gentleman met an old friend the other day in Grosvenor Square, and inquired of him as to his health. "Oh," said he in reply, "I am getting quite feeble and broken down with age; last year I could walk entirely round the square, but now I can only walk half-way round." "You walk back again, of course?" was the question. "Oh, yes." "Explain the difference," was the request of the mathematically-minded friend.

☞ New Haven claims to be the only place in the country which manufactures fish-hooks, needles, and steel-bowed spectacles.

☞ The dialect of most young ladies of our acquaintance divides all things into two classes—the horrid and the splendid.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The July number opens with an unusually handsome and suggestive engraving called "The Distressed Bachelor." In the Fashion Plate, tasteful and attractive as usual, is a charming bridal dress. Then there is a wood cut of many piquant faces illustrating "The Hair," "The Pointalide Veil, "Zouave Jacket," and a plate consisting of seven figures of ladies and children, showing the newest and prettiest of the Summer Fashions. Music—"Idora Schottish." Among the stories are "The Distressed Bachelor;" "Pauline Beranger's Story," by Una Locke; the conclusion of "Sybil Ainsworth," by Harris Byrne; "The Boy and the Man," by Aunt Alice; and an interesting biographical sketch of Madame Roland, called forth by some recent discoveries. The poetry is by Maggie O. Pyburn, Emily Lester Leigh, Una Locke, J. T. Tutwiler, J. C. T., and others. The Toilet Novelties and Work Table are as usual profusely illustrated; and in the Editor's Department are Book Notices, Receipts, meeting the wants of the season, descriptions of Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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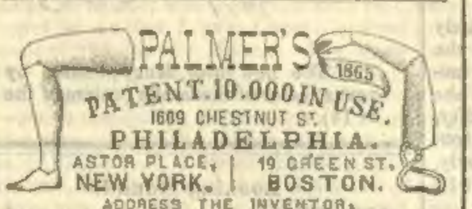

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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. No. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Tough Story.

When our troops, under General McClellan, penetrated the mountain region of West Virginia, in May, 1861, they encountered in a quiet nook, on the side of Laurel Ridge, a venerable matron, standing in the door of a log cabin. One of the men accosted her with:

"Well, old lady, where's your flag?"

"I hain't got no flag," was the prompt reply.

"Well, then, which side are you for?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered in astonishment.

"Are you secesh?" asked the man, amused at her ignorance.

"No, I hain't," she rejoined emphatically.

"Are you Union?"

"No, I tell you."

"Well, what are you?"

"I'm a good plain Baptist—that's what I am."

The men laughed heartily, and at last one of them said:

"You'll not refuse to hurrah for 'Old Abe,' will you, old lady?"

"Who's 'Old Abe?'" asked the dame, growing more astonished every minute.

"Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States."

"Why, hain't Gin'ral Washington President?"

"No, he's been dead for more than sixty years."

"Gin'ral Washington dead?" she fairly screamed. Then rushing into the cabin, she called, "Sam! Sam!" "Well, what is it, mother?" said a voice within. In a moment she re-appeared at the door with a veteran of fifty, who the men afterwards learned was her son. "Why, only think, Sam," she cried excitedly, "Gin'ral Washington's dead. Snakes alive! I wonder what's going to happen next!"

Recollections of Dr. Chapman.

Dr. Chapman was celebrated for his ready wit. The following are a few specimens:—

The late John Vaughan was taken ill with sick stomach, which lasted several days. When he became convalescent, he asked Dr. Chapman if he might indulge in a piece of the breast of chicken, as he had been accustomed to dine on chicken every day for many years. "I don't wonder you had a *fowl* stomach" was the reply.

The late Dr. Joseph Hartshorne informed the writer that he and Dr. Chapman were attending a lady who was a confirmed invalid. They were sitting by her one day, as she lay in bed, when she remarked, "I don't know why it is that I feel so much stronger on Sunday than any other day." "That's easily accounted for," said Dr. Chapman. "Hartshorne, do you know?" "No," said Dr. H. "Because it's not a *week* day," said Dr. C.

The Athenian Institute was formed by many of the leading men of Philadelphia for the purpose of having first-class lectures at the Musical Fund Hall. At the conclusion of the course it was determined to have a banquet. Dr. Chapman sneezed as he entered the room, when Thomas P. Cope said, "Doctor, does thee sneeze in the presence of the Athenian Institute?" "We came here to have a *blow-out*," was the reply.

Dr. Chapman was one of an evening party. He was late in arriving, and after pacing the floor for some minutes, with his hands crossed behind him, he approached the group in which the writer was one. We informed the doctor that we had been conversing on the subject of the Wilkes exploring expedition, which was then supposed to be in the Southern Polar Seas; that Mr. ——— had remarked that the fleet would be likely to be crushed among the icebergs. "That would be a sort of *shiver-de-fraize*," said the doctor.

Merchant and Clerk.

"You are very late this morning, Mr. Jinks," was the gruff salutation of a down-town merchant to one of his clerks. "Do not let it happen again, sir."

"Very sorry, sir," said the clerk humbly. "I I met with a serious fall."

"Ah, indeed!" said the merchant, relentingly. "How was that? Hurt you much?"

"Principally, sir, in your estimation," said the clerk, respectfully.

"Oh, never mind that," said the merchant, in a kind tone, "never mind that. I commiserate you. We are all liable to accidents. How did you get your fall?"

"Well, you see, sir," said the clerk, confidingly, "I was called quite early this morning; in fact, you will observe, sir, somewhat earlier even than usual."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir; but, somehow or other, I fell asleep again, sir."

"Mr. Jinks, you're a humbug!" exclaimed the merchant, in a bantering tone, for, in spite of his gruffness, he is fond of a joke. "Go to your desk, sir; and—don't try it on again."

Ventilating a Car.

Prof. Hamilton, the horse tamer, of Hagerstown, Ind., is an original genius, and as fond of a joke as he is of fresh air. The other day, on the train going home from Cincinnati, he tried to raise the window in the car where he was sitting, but could not move it. He called the conductor to assist him, but with no better result. Instantly he knocked the pane of glass out with his cane, saying, "Now we have a little fresh air." "Sir," said the conductor, "you must pay for that." "How much?" asked the professor." "One dollar," answered the conductor. Prof. Hamilton passed him a two dollar bill. The conductor was about to hand back a dollar in change, when the cool tamer of wild animals quietly said: "Never mind, I'll take another pane," and with another stroke of his cane let God's fresh atmosphere in through a second window. "Well," exclaimed the conductor, "you can't have any more at that price. It's not first cost."

ALWAYS IN SESSION.—There was a very irascible old gentleman who formerly held the position of Justice of the Peace in one of our cities. Going down the main street one day, one of the *boys* spoke to him without coming up to his honor's idea of deference. "Young man, I fine you five dollars for contempt of Court." "Why, Judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This Court," responded the Judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt!" There was disorder in court as his honor passed on.

"WANTED—A TUTOR FOR A LAD OF 14."

1. The new tutor, fancy-pictured by the young ladies of the family (sisters of the lad of 14).

2. The new tutor answering the advertisement. (Pictured from life by our artist).

Looking Round.

Little Alice, of four years, talks a good deal about her baby sister, who is dead. The other night, while going to bed, she asked:

"Does baby have all her things in Heaven?"

"She has everything she wants there," was the reply.

"Does she have a table, and a spoon, and a little rattle?"

"She has all she wants in Heaven," answered mamma.

"Do they have beds in Heaven?" persisted the child, springing, at the same time, into her own little nest.

The mother's attention had been called to something else, and she replied, absently:

"I don't know; I never was there."

Little Alice sprung up, and gazing earnestly at her mother, exclaimed:

"Didn't God make you?"

"Oh, yes."

"And didn't you look around you when you was made?" demanded the child, in accents of astonishment.

BRINGING DOWN HIS MAN.—Rogers used to relate this story:

An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel, in summer time, and not to make the act public, and the better to satisfy their consciences in case of the result proving fatal, they agreed to fight in a darkened room. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, generously fired up the chimney—and brought down the Frenchman.

"When I tell this story in France," pleasantly added the relator, "I make the Englishman go up the chimney."

Extemporaneous Surgery.

Even young children should be taught how to act in some of the accidents of life which require surgical skill. The arteries of the body carry the life's blood from the heart. If one of these is ruptured from any cause, and the blood is allowed to escape, the man will die within a few minutes, sometimes, when with the aid of a stick and a string or handkerchief, either of which are almost always at hand, his life might be saved. If the severed artery is in the leg or arm, and there is no string at hand, tear a strip from any part of the clothing, tie it loose around the limb, pass the stick between the skin and the string and twist it round until the bleeding ceases. If a vein is wounded or cut, apply the dust from a tea-canister or common cobweb; or even without these, wrap a strip of cotton cloth around moderately tight, and then another piece around that; if the bleeding does not cease, let cold water run on the wound until it does, or until a physician arrives. But it is of vital importance to remember that the artery sends out blood by spurts or jets, and of a bright red character. If the blood comes from a vein, it flows slowly and evenly, and is of a dark red. But these directions will do no good unless it is specially noted that if the blood comes from an artery, the application of the string must be made above the wound, that is, between the wound and the heart; if a vein has been wounded, and the same appliances are needed they must be made below the wound, or between the wound and the extremities.

If an artery is cut in a part of the body where a string cannot be applied, hard pressure with the thumb at a spot about where the string would have been applied may save life.

If stung or bitten by insect, snake or animal, apply spirits of hartshorn very freely with a soft rag, because it is one of the strongest of alkalies, and is familiar to most persons. The substance which causes the so-called poison from bites or stings, is, as far as is ascertained, generally acid. Hence the hartshorn antagonizes it in proportion to the promptitude with which it is applied. If no hartshorn is at hand, pour a cup of hot water on a cup of cooking soda or saleratus, or even the ashes of wood just from the stove or fireplace, because all these are strong alkalies, and hartshorn is only best because it is the strongest. There is no conclusive evidence to believe that burning or cutting out a bite has ever done the slightest good. The proof adduced to show that they have been effectual is wholly of a negative character, and, therefore, not decisive.—*Dr. Hall.*

A GOOD ARGUMENT.—A Hindoo, on being assailed with a torrent of profane words from his neighbors, went to them and asked, "Which is worse, the abusive terms that you are just using, or the mud and dirt that you see lying on the dunghill?" "The abusive terms," was the reply. "And would you ever take into your mouths that mud and dirt?" "Never." "Then why do you fill your mouth with the abusive terms, which you confess to be worse than the two?" Confounded with this rebuke, they retired, saying that "the argument was but fair."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CABBAGE CULTURE.

Last November we passed through one fourteen and one twenty acre cabbage field, situated within sight of Philadelphia's "State House" steeple, and all around us lay lesser cabbage plantations further than we could see.

A city friend, not much of a market man, but a first-class financial gentleman, happening to be our pedestrian companion in the midst of that sea of cabbages was suddenly seized with astonishment.

"Here is an over-issue, an enormous inflation of the cabbage currency. They will be worth nothing, and no sale at that rate," was our town friend's positive declaration.

"They'll all sell at paying prices, Mr. F., not only all this cabbage sea around us, but probably two hundred times as many more from 'all the region round about,' on both sides, and up and down the Delaware."

"Sell! Pshaw—you're a trifle crazy, and so are these cabbage planters. Why—there are not mouths enough in Pennsylvania and New York together to take in all these heads in two years."

"Cabbages will be scarce and in good demand in the Philadelphia market before the first of April."

"More likely they cannot be given away."

"Yes, being too valuable for that. Why, sir—Mr. P. told me just now over there at the house that he has been offered two or three times $5,50 per hundred for this field we are now in, the purchaser taking the cabbages as they run, large and small, and here in the field as they stand."

"$5,50 per hundred—*five and a half cents a piece* for these fine, famous cabbages. W-h-e-w! Do you call that paying prices, sir?"

"Yes, that will do. Let us figure a little. Here is a field of twenty acres, averaging 1,100 heads to the acre." Mr. F. had his card and pencil out and was figuring furiously.

"Eleven hundred per acre—$5 50—$60 50—twenty acres—twenty times $60,50—$1,210, I believe. Now what has been the probable cost of this cabbage crop, everything included?"

"Mr. P. depends nothing upon *probabilities*. He keeps a close Dr. and Cr. book account with every field, crop, and animal he owns, so that he always knows which way the balance leans. He informs me that this cabbage crop just as it stands has cost him a trifle less than $600."

"And $1,210 he is offered for it. Ah—yes—I see. It does pay to raise cabbages at $5,50 per 100. One hundred per cent. per annum—pretty fair investment—better than petroleum stock."

"Yes, but my dear sir, you have argued only half the per annum income. Mr. P. had these twenty acres in other truck crops that paid more than the cabbages, and came out of the field in time for them to go in. So you see there is only about four months to charge against the $1,210 cabbage dividend. Besides, Mr. P. is going to market this field himself, and the heads will bring $7 per hundred in town, paying him at a round rate for harvesting and hauling to market. And another item will be the loose leaves, worth to Mr. P., who milks eight cows, not less than $200."

"I see, sir—I see. I am satisfied that cabbage farming is profitable, but I don't quite see the possibility of sales for all this ocean of cabbages."

"You will though in time." And he did. Long before the first of April Mr. F. found first-class cabbages selling at twenty-five cents per head, and scarce at that.

ABOUT BUCKWHEAT.

Considering the many uses of this valuable grain and the advantages of its production, its merits are by far too little understood by the public, and it is a great deal less generally grown than it ought to be.

Less than twenty years ago we asked the wife of the proprietor of a first-class New England hotel, a practical woman, capital cook, if she would not please treat us to buckwheat cakes for breakfast?

"Buckwheat—buckwheat cakes!" The lady looked blank astonishment. And then being a familiar acquaintance, she inquired:—"Cosmo, are you a pig?"

"Not that I know of, Mrs. S. Why?"

"Because it is the first time I ever heard of buckwheat being fit for anything but pig feed."

It was thought fit for several other uses. Some thirty years ago we used to eat at Aunt Amy's, up in the centre of York state, besides first-class cakes, as good puddings and loaf bread, two-thirds buckwheat and one-third corn meal as ever was made of any material.

Up to this present day, perhaps seven-tenths of all our practical farmers believe buckwheat to be an exhaustive crop, its best yield scarcely paying the depreciation in soil, or cost of manuring before and after it. This is an opinion as erroneous as that of the New England landlady.

On almost all soils buckwheat will make a remunerative crop, unless the land is very nearly bankrupt of fertility, and then leave the soil in better condition to produce a successive crop of any of the cereals than it was before producing the buckwheat. Then as buckwheat will grow well, and produce about the same per acre all over the United States, with territorial exceptions, and may be put in from the 1st to the 25th of July, according to latitude, it is valuable always and everywhere as an auxiliary crop ready to come in and in its way supply the place of any other grain that, before the time to prepare for sowing buckwheat arrives, has exhibited itself as a failure.

We know both by practice and observation of a neighbor's practice, that buckwheat sown in drills wide enough apart to run a cultivator between the rows, and being cleanly cultivated, will yield a third more per acre, and make a larger, heavier grain than when sown broadcast.

PERSPIRATION OF PLANTS.

Very many people, most perhaps, are impressed with the opinion that every glittering liquid crystal they behold quivering on the foliage of plants in the early morning is a dew drop. Probably the majority of them are; but mingled with them are everywhere globules of plant perspiration. Some plants sweat like forgemen. In the island of Lanzarote, one of the Canaries lying nearest the coast of Africa, there is a solitary tree, the only one of the species known to exist, that though growing in an arid, burning soil, perspires so profusely that night and day continually, water, pure and cool, drips in rapid drops from every twig and pointed leaf.

The *Cisalpinia pulviosa* is more common, and almost as profuse a sweating plant. The cabbage, and corn, during the season of its most rapid growth, perspire freely. Go through a field of growing corn early in the morning, when no dew or a drop of rain has fallen during the night, and the leaves will be found gemmed with brilliant, quivering tears. The average perspiration of a single large sun-flower per day is about three pints. And all this sea of vegetable sweat is sucked up by them from the soil. We can see how necessary are showers in summer time.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——The hens and chickens over there in Jersey are dying with diptheria, over a wide range of country, faster than dogs multiply in Philadelphia between dog-catcher seasons.

——Capital haying weather this way, and Pennsylvania farmers are making the most of it, and their hay too. Crop better than was looked for a month ago; but not many farmers will have five tons to sell. So hay will likely rule high in the Philadelphia market for a year or so.

——During the higher range of heat last week, we saw three men fall in the street with sun stroke. Two died, and the third will never recover. Now, if those three men had worn a wetted handkerchief or a handful of green leaves or grass in their hats, the sun could not have fatally struck them.

RECEIPTS.

TO BOIL SALT SALMON.—Let salmon soak over night, and boil it slowly for two hours; eat it with drawn butter. To pickle salmon after it has been boiled, heat vinegar scalding hot, with whole peppers and cloves; cut the fish in small square pieces; put it in a jar, and pour the vinegar over. Shad may be done in the same way.

TO BOIL FRESH FISH.—After being well cleaned, rub the fish with salt, and pin it in a towel; put it in a pot of boiling water, and keep it boiling fast;—a large fish will take from ½ to ¾ of an hour—a small one from 15 to 20 minutes. A fat shad is very nice boiled, although rock and bass are preferred generally; when done, take it up on a fish-dish, and cover it with egg sauce or drawn butter and parsley. Pickled mushrooms and walnuts, and mushroom catsup are good with boiled fish.

SOFT CAKE FOR TEA.—Beat ten eggs light, and one and a half pounds of sugar, add half a pound of butter and two pounds of flour, a glass of rose water and a grated nutmeg; mix all well together to make a nice batter, and bake in moulds.

POOR MAN'S POUND CAKE.—Two cups of bread dough, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, a teaspoonful of soda, with rose water, and half a nutmeg.

SQUASH PUDDING.—Take a crooked-neck or marrow squash, weighing about four pounds; peel it and cut it into pieces about an inch square; put them into a saucepan with a very little water, and let it stew gently three or four hours. Be careful to keep some water with it to prevent its burning. When it is very soft rub it through a sieve, and add a little salt; beat up six eggs with a pound of sugar, and a spoonful of mace or cinnamon; warm a quarter of a pound of butter so that it will stir in; add a quart of good milk or cream, and bake it in deep plates, lined with paste, and a thick rim. Cut a rim of paper to put over the crust to prevent its burning. Bake it half an hour.

TO WASH OIL CLOTH.—Oil cloth may be made to have a fresh, new appearance, by washing it every month with a solution of sweet milk with the white of one beaten egg. Soap, in time, injures oil cloth. A very little "boiled oil" freshens up an oil cloth: very little must be used, and rubbed in with a rag. Equal parts of copal varnish give a gloss.

TO RED A YARD.—Many persons put red on a yard to cover green bricks. The green may be removed by pouring boiling water, in which any kind of vegetables (not greasy) have been boiled. Persevere in this a few days, and all green will disappear. For red color, make a solution of 1 oz. common glue to 1 gallon water; while hot, put in alum the size of an egg; ½ lb. venetian red, and 1 lb. or more Spanish brown. Try a little on a brick, let it dry, and add color, if too light: water, if too dark.

ANTS.—The large black ants may be routed by a wet sponge, sugared: the small ones, by honey set about.

SOAP FOR MOUSE HOLES.—A lump of hard soap is good to stop a rat, mouse, cockroach or ant hole. They all hate soap.

☞ "Good morning, Jones. How does the world use you?" "It uses me up, thank you."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1, 4, 2, is a useful member.
My 1, 5, 2, is a military command.
My 1, 4, 6, is connected with geometry.
My 1, 1, 4, is the name of a river.
My 1, 5, 4, is necessary to prolong life.
My 1, 6, 4, 3, is a seaport.
My 1, 6, 3, is seen with gamblers.
My 1, 4, 2, is a verb.
My 2, 1, 5, 2, will cripple.
My 2, 5, 6, 1, is a kind of rock.
My 2, 5, 4, 3, is disagreeable to travellers.
My 2, 7, 4, will spoil.
My 3, 7, 4, is a useful organ.
My 3, 2, 5, 4, is an Eastern prince.
My 4, 7, 2, is a domestic animal.
My 4, 7, 4, 3, is scarce.
My 5, 6, 3, is scarce in summer.
My 5, 4, 3, is an evil.
My 6, 4, 1, 2, is what children should not do.
My 6, 1, 4, 3, is often man's companion.
My 6, 1, 2, 3, is a verb.
My whole is a country. W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Biblical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 10, 22, 15, 6, 23, is a Biblical name signifying grief.
My 2, 23, 15, 8, 22, is a Biblical name signifying tempest.
My 3, 27, 15, is a Biblical name signifying city.
My 5, 15, 22, 14, 9, 24, 20, 8, is a Biblical name signifying standard.
My 7, 26, 11, 17, is a Biblical name signifying my light.
My 13, 12, 21, 27, 15, 11, 16, 23, is a Biblical name signifying governor of the fourth part.
My 25, 19, 1, 23, is a Biblical name signifying to guide.
My 4 and 18 are the same.
My whole is a proverb of Solomon.
Palmville, N. Y. ALIDA CARNWRIGHT.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the sides of the least right angled triangle in whole numbers, whose legs are to each other as 9 to 13.

J. M. GREENWOOD.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The tire of a wheel on the outside surface is 20 feet. A perfectly smooth leaden ball is placed upon the highest point of the tire when the wheel is in an upright position. Determine how far the ball will roll on the tire before leaving it? J. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraic Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

$$x^2+y=7.$$
$$y^2+x=11.$$

Required—the values of x and y.

WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What arc of a circle is that, the product of whose sine into its versed sine is a maximum?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel? Ans.—Because the fellows around him are tired.

☞ Why did Grant find it so hard to get Lee in his *grasp?* Ans.—Spell the *reconstructed's* name backward and find out.

☞ Why is our Lieutenant-General like 160 acres of land? Ans.—Because he is a U. S. Grant.

☞ Which is the most slippery place in the world Ans.—Iceland.

☞ What is the difference between the tables being turned upon a trickster and the bite of a sour apple? Ans.—One is the biter bit, the other the bitter bite.

☞ Why are ladies' schools utterly useless? Ans.—Because every pupil is *mis-informed.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"A friend is fairer than the roses of Damascus, and more costly than the pearls of Omman." ENIGMA.—"Measure for Measure."

Answer to Jonas Pike's PROBLEM of May 19th—B. lost the boots and $17. J. M. Greenwood, Sol. Smith, and L. S Allen. B. lost the boots and $10. John Boaltry.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, same date—0.225 and 441. Morgan Stevens, J. M. Greenwood, L. S. Allen.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of May 12—3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, and 15. A. Martin.

Answer to S. Horace G.'s PROBLEM, same date—169.6464 solid inch. S. H. G., and L. S. Allen.

☞ Stopping at a village inn in America, there came a thunder-storm, and Captain Hall, surprised that a new country should have reached such perfection in those meteorologic manufactures, said to a bystander, "Why you have very heavy thunder here." "Well, yes," replied the man, "we *du*, considering the number of inhabitants."

☞ When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing: "Ay," said he, "then I must sing better."